The
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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### BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly, face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile, instead of wile—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With homes made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year.

The damsel Fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear,
She'll grant the suit another year—
Another year!

Here's "better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize:
But, spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we shall win and wear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year—
Another year! Another year!

## A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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### XXXIII.

ELEANOR DRIVES OUT IN HER PONY PHAETON.

This morning my lord and I breakfasted together very amicably. Aunt Julia was very nervous during the meal, and watched the servants closely. She told me afterward that she wished to see if they showed any signs of suspecting the present state of affairs.

"How would they show them?" I asked.

"*By treating you with less respect.*"

I pretended not to care, but I felt myself blush angrily. I would not endure *that*.

"How did they treat me?" I asked. "I really did not think of them, except as adjuncts to the meal."

"As usual," said Aunt Julia, and then walked away.

About noon I was summoned to look at my phaeton, which had made its appearance, and was awaiting my approval. It is an elegant little affair, and the ponies are apparently perfection. I got in and drove about the grounds to try it and them, and returned to the house perfectly satisfied. I ordered it to be brought around after luncheon, and invited Aunt Julia to drive into the country with me. She declined, not thinking me grateful enough I suppose. However, I wrote my lord a charming little note, thanking him very prettily, I thought, and expressing my entire satisfaction. I must confess that I felt myself to be quite magnificent when I set off for my drive about three o'clock. My lord had ordered a groom to place himself at my disposal, and as I had not had much experience of my ponies, I accepted his attendance for fear of accidents. Notwithstanding my groom I felt very independent when I turned my ponies' heads towards Diccom Wood, and they went off at a rate that obliged the groom to ride pretty fast to keep up with me. There was no jolting or jerking however—their neat little hoofs went in perfect unison, and I flew over the ground in the most delightful manner. When we were under the arch of the trees I drove more slowly. How sweet the air was! How solemn the silence, unbroken, save by the occasional snapping of a twig, or the chatter of a squirrel overhead as he viewed the intruders on his solitude, and feared for his hoarded nuts. I had not been in Diccom Wood before since that famous nutting expedition—when I sprained my ankle, and Ruth—and Ruth. How well I remembered it all! How I hated Ruth as I recalled it! And Cecil? No, I would never have married him had I have known him to be Cecil. I ground my teeth over the thoughts these recollections aroused, and for the first time trembled and doubted as I looked forward to the future. What would it bring me? "Oh! Rupert! Rupert!" I said, and, without thinking, I dropped the reins as I stretched my hands to the dark, scented arch above me, through which I could catch glimpses of the blue sky beyond, which was my friend and cousin now. The ponies started, I came to myself, and snatched at the reins. They were jerked from my grasp, the little carriage swayed from side to side, and the ponies flew forward with redoubled speed. I must not jump. I knew it would be better to be thrown. I gathered my skirts around me, and looked on either side, sick with terror. All at once the ponies stopped as suddenly as if they had been shot, and stood snorting with their ears pointed forward, their forelegs stiffened. I leaned over the dashboard, seized the reins, and, raising myself, with them held tightly in my hands, saw Rupert standing about a foot from my ponies' heads. I saw him but an instant, and in that instant tried to speak, but my lips would not move, my voice was stifled—and then he was gone! My stupid groom now came trotting up.

"Didn't you see that I was being run away with?" I asked him, angrily.

"I thought your ladyship was driving fast. Ladies always like to."

"I will thank you to keep your eyes open the next time. Had it not been for that stranger." I stopped and looked up at him.

He touched his hat. "Your ladyship was a-saying?"

"You saw some one stop my ponies?"

"No, my lady. I thought your ladyship stopped them, because your ladyship wished me to come up with you."

"Didn't you see a tall, slender man, with light hair that flew about as he stood at the ponies' heads? He had no hat on."

"No, my lady."

I turned around, whipped up my ponies, and drove out of the wood. But my hands trembled, my strength was gone, and I was so very glad when I saw a gentleman riding towards me whom I recognized to be Morty Mordark.

"Oh! Morty, I am so glad!" I said as he stopped his horse beside my carriage, and raised his hat.

"How pale you look! You are not well?"

"Only a little frightened. If you would only let the man lead your horse, and drive me home yourself."

"With the greatest pleasure," he said, dismounting as he spoke—and how relieved I felt when he was seated beside me with the reins in his small but strong looking hands!

"Now tell me what frightened you, Cousin Eleanor?" said he.

"I have seen Rupert, my darling Rupert."

"I thought he was—lost. I have heard Ruth speak of him."

"She never loved him as I did. And then he died so mysteriously, you know—and—and Cousin Ferd disappeared at the same time."

"I had understood that he—Rupert—was drowned."

"They were both drowned it is supposed at that dreadful masquerade. Oh! you don't know what Rupert was to me—to everybody, the gayest, the handsomest, the kindest—"

"Cousin Eleanor, I think it is lucky for Lord Carrick that he should have—"

"How can you say so! You are heartless, perfectly heartless!" I said, bursting into tears.

"You are evidently still feeling the effects of your fright. How can you know if I am or am not heartless, when this is only the third time that you have seen me?"

"I am not a baby if I am only eighteen. Every one is telling me that I don't know what I am about. I shall think I am a fool pretty soon."

"You are very far from a fool, Cousin Eleanor, unless you think I am one—and I am very sorry that I have made you cry. You know we were to be friends."

"I had hoped so—but you seemed to turn against me."

"No, dear. You shouldn't jump so at conclusions. I mean to be your very good friend, and hope that you will be friends with me, and with another person."

"I can't like Ruth. You needn't ask me to."

"I don't mean Ruth. I mean a nearer and dearer friend."

"Whom?"

"Your husband."

"Oh! we began our separate establishments this morning."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"I think it very nice. We are to breakfast and dine together still."

"I am glad of that. It is not well, little cousin, that the world should know you are not friends."

"So Aunt Julia says—but I don't care."

"Take a friend's advice, and keep it from Mrs. Grundy as long as you can. That venerable lady always thinks the worst she can of every one."

"Cousin Morty, don't you think you had better tell Ruth to look out for Mrs. Grundy?"

"Mrs. Grundy does not talk when the wife is under the husband's protection."

"Do you mean to insinuate—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing, Cousin Eleanor. Here you are at home. Which entrance shall I drive to?"

"The one to the right. Come over this evening, cousin."

"Shall I bring Ruth? I do not go anywhere without my wife."

"Bring her, then, if she won't find me too stupid without Lord Carrick's companionship."

While I was dressing for dinner Aunt Julia came in.

"It seems to me that you are making yourself very gorgeous to-day," she said.

"I am expecting company."

"To dinner?"

"To pass the evening."

"Whom are you expecting?"

"Ruth and Morty."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. Isn't it enough?"

"Why don't you ask Cecil to meet them?"

"I will. Then he can entertain Ruth, and I can have Morty to myself."

In the glass, I saw Aunt Julia frowning over my shoulder.

"Now, Aunt Julia, what *are* you frowning about?"

"Was I frowning?"

"You know you were. Now, *what* have I done? Just what you wished me to."

"That is very true," said Aunt Julia, meekly.

"Now don't frown any more, making a death's head of yourself just when I am going to have a little good time."

At dinner I invited my lord to spend the evening with me.

"I am very sorry, but I have a previous engagement."

"I didn't ask you to meet *me* alone. I am expecting some friends, and I shouldn't have asked you at all if Aunt Julia hadn't suggested it."

"I appreciate her thoughtfulness."

Then the conversation turned on other matters. He didn't even ask who the friends were that were to pass the evening with me. I wonder where *he* is going.

* * * * *

Morty came quite early in the evening and alone.

"Where is Ruth?" I asked.

"Ruth couldn't come."

"*Wouldn't* come, you mean."

"No, she had a caller."

"I am glad. I had much rather have you without her."

"Would you?" he said, without smiling, and sat down, looking very pale and sad. I started one or two topics; he answered at random, almost without looking at me, and once or twice sighed heavily.

"Well," I said at last, "I will never take any pains again."

He roused at this, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Here I have been and put on my prettiest dress, resolved to make myself as charming as possible, that you might wish to come again, and you won't even look at me."

"I beg your pardon. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening."

"You have done nothing but sigh since you came in. Were you not married I should think you in love."

"I haven't been married long enough to get *out* of love. But I must have been very stupid; and why should I be so, with a beautiful woman before me and good wine at my side?"

I had arranged wine and fruit for my guests, and filling a glass, he bowed to me as he drank. "You look like a nymph of the sea to-night in that pale, shimmering, sea-colored silk, and with those coral ornaments. I had a dim sense of something very artistic and becoming, as I sat here like a great moon-calf, but now I am dazzled."

I got up and made a courtesy. "How agreeable you are now!" I said.

"Do all women like to be flattered, I wonder? Would you all rather hear how bright your eyes and how red your lips are, than the finest poetry, or the wittiest talk?"

"We all like to be appreciated, sir," I said, "and we all like to have you recollect what dress we wore such a day, and if we had curls or braids at such a time."

"And while we are saying our brightest, you are wondering if we remark the texture of a gown, or the value of a bracelet?"

"Not all of us. Now, Ruth would be wondering if you didn't think that attitude the most statuesque you had ever seen. Ruth isn't as graceful since she has grown fat."

Morty laughed. "So you call her *fat*, do you?"

"Isn't she fat?"

"She is what you say her attitudes are—statuesque."

"I am glad you think so."

"I don't think you are, cousin. Why is it that one woman will never allow that another woman is handsome? Every woman has a way of her own in which to be beautiful."

"Do you think *me* beautiful, Cousin Morty?"

"Most beautiful. And you are as graceful as you won't allow Ruth to be."

"But I don't attitudinize."

"Does she? She always seemed to me perfectly natural. Oh! you wonder at my blindness? It is lucky for you women that men don't see you as you see each other."

"They would never want to marry us if they did."

"And the world would be depopulated. Well, I *wish* to be blind as long as I can."

"And I think *Ruth* would prefer it."

"Now, play and sing to me, please, Cousin Eleanor."

I sat down to the piano and sang to him, song after song, for he seemed insatiate of music, and he sat by the piano, leaning his head on his hand and listening, until my lord's voice was heard calling to the dogs under my window. Then he looked at his watch, started up and said that he must go.

"I wonder if Ruth's caller has gone yet," I said.

"It must be so. It is half-past eleven."

"By-the-way, you didn't say who it was."

"I am not very well acquainted with the faces in the neighborhood," was his response.

* * * * *

I took Aunt Julia out to drive with me this morning, and in the course of the drive I told her that I had seen Rupert. Then she acknowledged that she had seen him also. "But I thought it was an optical delusion."

"And now?"

"Now I think that he is alive."

"Alive!!!"

"Yes. We know there are no such things as ghosts."

"Alive! Rupert alive! I can't believe it."

GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER SETTING OUT TO RESCUE THE CREW OF THE "FORFARSHIRE."

Grace Darling was no "strong daughter of the plough," or of the oar, to whom it would not be so difficult a matter to pull a boat through a raging surf. On the contrary, she was of delicate constitution, and died young. The following is the story of the wonderful rescue she and her equally noble father effected:—

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1838, the steamer *Forfarshire*, of 300 tons burden, left Hull for Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, including passengers and crew. Between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 7th September, she struck heavily forward upon a sharp rock of one of the Farne Islands. Nine of the crew lowered a boat and so saved themselves, being picked up next day by a passing ship; but no attempt was made to save any more lives. Soon after the first shock had taken place, the waves struck the steamer some heavy blows on her quarter, and then, uniting their strength, lifted her, to fling her down again on the edge of the rock. Immediately she broke her back, and the after part, containing the captain, his wife, and many of the passengers, was swept away and destroyed with its living freight. The fore part fell forward on the rock. Upon it, and in the make-shift shelter furnished by its wreckage, were clustered nine persons, five of the crew and four passengers, including a poor woman whose two children died in her arms during the night. When morning broke the look-out at the lighthouse on the Longstone, one of the Farne group, descried the position of the sufferers, and saw also the apparent impossibility of assisting them. The wind had abated a little, but the sea was still tremendously high, and around the rocky Farnes was surging and seething like the water in a mill-dam. In the Longstone lighthouse were three persons, William Darling, his wife, and their daughter Grace, who was twenty-three years of age. What assistance could they render? William Darling naturally thought none, and, knowing the great danger of the navigation at all times, but especially in stormy weather—knowing also that unusual strength would be necessary to pull a boat through such a sea as was running—determined to leave the shipwrecked folk to their fate. Men on the mainland refused that day to put off, though for substantial reward.

Grace Darling knew less, perhaps, than her father about the perils of a rescue, but she could not bear the idea of no attempt being made to save those who could be seen, by the aid of a glass, clinging to the wreck on the sea-washed rock about a mile away. She begged that the lighthouse boat might be launched, and declared her own readiness and ability to take an oar. Doubtingly and with misgiving, William Darling yielded to his daughter's solicitations, and, with the help of wife and maiden, got the boat into the water. Then came the difficulty, then there was the danger. Bravely, *manfully*, perseveringly the two rowers toiled at their work, now raised high on the crest of one wave, now buried in the lap of another, now using all their skill and co-operation to keep the boat's head to the breakers, now giving way with earnest will to pull the boat through them. On they went, spurred to exertion not only by the enthusiasm of humanity, but by prudential motives, for they knew that unless they could get back from the goal they aimed at with the flow of the tide, they would have to be prisoners with the shipwrecked till the tide served again. After a severe labor which wellnigh exhausted them, the lighthouse boat was brought alongside the rock on which the miserable people were. Well might they wonder at the sight the boat presented; well might they wonder to see in one of their rescuers a fair maiden, young and feminine in her looks, who yet seemed able to manage her oar with all the skill, strength, and dexterity of the most practised boatman.

All the survivors were taken off, and brought back to the Longstone, where they were duly cared for and entertained until, the boisterous weather having subsided, they could be fetched by succors from the mainland. Four years afterwards Grace Darling, whose wonderful courage and hardihood, with those of her father, were thus the means of saving nine lives, fell a victim to consumption; but her name still lives, and must endure until the day when the world shall cease to admire and love those who are capable of the most exalted heroism.

"If I have seen him once, and you have seen him twice, we have seen his body, not his spirit."

"Oh! Aunt Julia, if he were alive, wouldn't he come to us? He wouldn't lurk around in this way, seeing us and never speaking to us, knowing that we mourn him, and allowing us to suppose him dead."

"He thinks himself the cause of Ferd's death. What happened that night will always be a mystery, but the result was that one perished and the other fled—fled as Cain did, when his brother's blood cried out against him from the ground where he had spilled it."

"Oh! Aunt Julia!"

"The family-failing probably grew rampant when they swallowed the devil with their wine."

"And you have always believed this?"

"Always. You can't think how I dreaded to come to this place, knowing that my poor boy's bones lie under that hateful water. I was very fond of Ferd, though he was neither as handsome nor as interesting as his cousins."

"I was fond of Ferd, too, auntie; but—oh! Rupert! Rupert didn't *mean* to kill him!"

"Never. I don't doubt that the poor boy has never known a happy moment since then."

"Oh! auntie, how I should like to comfort him! To tell him to come back to us, for we know he didn't mean it. Aunt Julia, I shall not rest a moment till I get Rupert back—my first and dearest friend—my kind play-fellow—for he always tried to amuse me when no one but grandmamma cared for the forlorn 'fish-child.'"

"I think it best he should not come back," said Aunt Julia, suddenly.

"Why?" I faced around upon her in astonishment.

"Oh! I have my reasons."

"May I be permitted to ask them?" I said, with mock humility.

"You had better get your *husband* back first. Morty Mordark is enough at present."

"I don't understand you."

"Perhaps you do not wish to."

"I do wish to, *if I can.*"

Aunt Julia tossed her head and was silent. A carriage came bowling down the road at a rapid rate just then, and I said nothing more, being occupied with my ponies. As it passed us, I looked up. The occupants were Ruth, her husband, Bob Temple, and Lord Carrick. I couldn't help my face flushing as I returned their salutations.

"Well, Aunt Julia, what do you think of that?" I asked, when they had gone by.

"I think it a very handsome turn-out."

I lashed my ponies rather harder than I meant to after that remark.

* * * * * * *

My mind was now bent to one purpose, and that purpose was to bring Rupert back to us. Every other thought and feeling was swallowed up in this, and when, on my return from my drive, I put on my scarlet cloak, and drawing the hood over my head, slipped down to the Dark Pool to see if I could find any trace of his footsteps in the lush grass, any token of his presence in broken twig, or the bending aside of the corroding shrubbery, I was no longer Lady Carrick, but the little Persephone whom he had befriended, and to whom he was the living representation of all the most glorious shapes of old Mythology.

My restless, eager footsteps circled the Pool, but I could trace no pressure but that of my own feet in the long, dank grass. The luxuriant shrubbery bore no mark of having been pushed aside by an impatient hand, the delicate ferns had not been crushed, the scarlet lichens and paler fungus dotted the mossy path, unbroken. "*You* will never speak," I said, bending over the dark waters, from which my face looked up, pallid and wild-eyed at me.

"What would it say if it could speak?"

I looked up quickly, and saw Bob Temple. He broke my dream, and recalled me to myself so abruptly—(I always did hate to be interrupted in a reverie)—that I know I frowned when I saw him, and I don't doubt I shrugged my shoulders, as I am apt to do, when impatient of interruption. He colored a little, and then looked as if he were going to say something disagreeable. "You haven't found married life so unpleasant that you are thinking of suicide?"

"I was thinking of anything but *you*. Where did you appear from?"

"From your neighbors'. I found a little latticed gate in the wall between. Very convenient for social intercourse, I thought, and so overgrown with ivy as not to be easily distinguished from the wall itself—a sort of Pyramus and Thisbe affair."

I shrugged my shoulders again, and again Bob looked red and *bite-y*. "Do *you* make use of that gate?" he asked.

"I didn't know there was one," I replied, beginning to walk away from the Pool.

"Carrick hasn't told you? Perhaps he keeps it as a bonne bouche for himself. Oh! Mordark knows of it! Ah! mu—m—m!"

I looked up and saw Morty approaching us. I held out my hand to him—(I hadn't offered it to Bob) and as he held it for a second, while inquiring for my health, Bob again looked bite-y. "Pleasant interchange of civilities between two families," he said. "Carrick goes to see Mrs. Mordark and you come to see Nell."

"*Lady Carrick*, if you please," from me.

"Beg your pardon, but it seems so like last summer, when Carrick and *Miss Rupell* were so inseparable that I can't remember he is married."

He goes to see *Ruth*, then! He was there the other evening. I am sure of it. I thought this, but of course I didn't say it. I said, "I don't think that, because a man is married, he should be tied to his wife's apron strings."

"Mordark doesn't either," said Bob, with a grin.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Temple," said Morty, gravely, as he placed himself on my right hand, Bob being on my left.

"May I ask why?" said Bob, rather fiercely, I thought.

"I think the contemplation of our felicity makes you, as a bachelor, rather bitter."

"When you say *our* felicity, do you mean yours and—Lady Carrick's?"

"Or mine and Lord Carrick's. How bright and becoming that scarlet cloak is, Cousin Eleanor. When I saw you down yonder, you looked like a tall Cardinal-flower blossoming among the evergreens."

"And you thought you'd come over and pluck it," said Bob, with another grin, risus sardonicus.

"I never fear to pluck a flower because a bee is hovering around it."

"You are a brave man, Mordark. You have honey of your own."

"Did that bring you into my neighborhood?" said Morty, quietly.

Bob bit his lips and beheaded a "tall Cardinal flower" with one flourish of his cane.

"So suffer the innocent for the guilty," said Morty.

A latch clicked, the latticed gate in the wall swung open, and my lord came through it.

XXXIV.

I thought his face flushed when he first saw me, but when I looked at him again, I saw he was very pale—paler than his natural pallor.

"We have just been quarrelling over your wife, Carrick," said Bob.

"May I ask who *we* are?"

"Mordark and I. I found my lady wandering by yonder piece of water, with a tragic face, and fearing a catastrophe, came over. And Mordark thought she was a—Cardinal-flower—wasn't it?—and came over also, not having any in his own grounds, I suppose."

"Ruth is more like a carnation, certainly," said my lord.

"I recollect that when you were at our house you always did like your sauces well spiced, my lord," said Bob.

"But I didn't like too much sauce, Mr. Temple."

"Capital idea, having that little gate between the two places," said Bob. "I, for one, don't intend to let the hinges get rusty."

"Perhaps you will try them now?" said I.

"Cool! upon my word!"

Lord Carrick laughed.

"I suppose I came inopportunely," said Bob. "Well, I shall know better next time."

"If one could only know when one is wanted, or if one were wanted at all," said my lord.

"I think one is apt to know clearly when *other persons* are wanted," said Bob. "I wish your ladyship a very good morning. The hinges are not rusty yet, I see. Use is everything," and the gate closed behind Bob.

"Ruth sent her love to your ladyship," said my lord, when Bob was gone.

"You may keep it, my lord. I think you will appreciate it better than I should. My lady likes you better than she does your wife, Mordark."

"She shouldn't, for we are one."

"In that case you are literally her better-*half*, Morty," said I.

"I can't accept a compliment at the expense of my wife."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about *your wife;* I'd rather think of you as not married."

"But I'd rather think it of myself, as long as Ruth is in question."

I saw my lord smiling to himself as he switched off the heads of the grasses.

"If you love your wife ever so much, I suppose you can spare a little love for your cousin?" I said. Then I went nearer to him, put my hand on his arm, and looked up in his face.

"I can spare a great deal of love for such a cousin," he replied, looking down into my face with such kind, gentle eyes.

"You know I was speaking to you about Rupert the other day?"

My lord, who had been flicking the shrubbery with his cane, stopped and looked towards us.

"I recollect."

"Aunt Julia has seen him, too."

"His ghost?"

"No, himself. She says he is alive."

Can my lord think so, too? I have never known him to start before at anything he may have heard, but he *did* start, he who is always so calm and immovable.

"Alive!" said Morty. "I thought he was *known* to have been drowned."

"No one knew anything positive about that night. Two of them disappeared. If Lord Carrick had disappeared at the same time, they would have thought that he was drowned also."

"But why do you think Rupert is living?"

"Because I have seen him."

"Then you don't believe in apparitions?"

"If I had only seen him once—but then I have seen him twice, and in two different places. And Aunt Julia has seen him."

My lord turned to me. "You did not tell me of this."

"You have been otherwise occupied. But, dear me, how hoarse you are!"

"I have—some—cold. In what two places have you seen—him?"

"In Dicoom Wood, and by the Dark Pool."

"Did he look as he used to?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Then it must have been his ghost," said Morty, "for he was drowned or disappeared some years ago, you said."

As he spoke Ruth came through the latticed gate and down the path, her hair shining in the sun.

"Who has been drowned?" she asked. "I heard you talking about it."

"Rupert Rupell," said Morty.

Ruth glanced quickly at my lord. He was not looking at *her*, however, if her hair *did* shine in the sun, and her cheeks look like peaches. He had his eyes on the ground, and he kept them there.

"This is no time to think or speak of dead people," said Ruth, "this lovely, *lovely* morning."

"Ruth, you have no more heart than a beast!" I said. "You, who used to make such love to him."

Ruth shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "A pretty thing to say before my husband! But I am not ashamed of it, if I did."

My lord raised his eyes and looked at her—*not* admiringly. Could it be?—but I thought I saw a shadow of disgust. And Morty? Morty went up to her and drew her hand through his arm.

"I shan't abuse the pretty dear any more," I said, as scornfully as I could, and wished for an instant that I could go and stand by *my* husband. But I didn't do it.

"I came to carry you home, Morty," said Ruth. "Naughty boy, you have been gone a small age!"

"It didn't seem very long to me," said Morty.

"Oh! *I* was very well entertained," said Ruth, glancing again at my lord, and again the glance fell on his averted face. "They don't seem to be as happy as we are, do they, Morty?" And Ruth, still keeping hold of Morty's arm, danced half around him. As she did so, I heard a voice behind me say—"*Heavy!*"

I looked around. There was no one there but one of the gardeners on his knees digging around a choice plant with a trowel. When I turned back, Morty was holding Ruth by one of her thick tresses, and looking at her adoringly. Well, she *is* beautiful, but *so* false. And I think it is silly to be so adoring *before people.* After this pretty little display of conjugal affection, they both said "good-bye," and went home through the latticed gate.

When they were gone, Cecil looked around him in an absent sort of way—perhaps he had just missed Madam Ruth—looked towards me, but I pretended not to see him—stood for a short time irresolute—Cecil Carmand irresolute!—and then came up to me and laid his hand on my arm. "Eleanor, you promised to take me 'for better, for worse?'"

I was surprised, but I stammered out—"Ye—es, Cecil."

"*Remember that,*" he said, his light touch left my arm, and he strode away—for the first and only time since I have known him, Cecil Carmand *walked fast*—actually *strode*, instead of moving with his usual easy elegance. *I was to remember that I had taken him for better or for worse!* What could he mean?

While I stood looking after Cecil, I saw the gardener whom I had seen working at the plant had risen and was looking after him also, eagerly, curiously. As Cecil disappeared, he turned. I knew his face instantly. It was Andrew. I went up to him and said, "You remember me, Andrew?"

"You were Miss Percy. You look the same, only taller."

"You have changed very little, and are still here."

"Yes, my lady. I couldn't leave the old place. I am head-gardener, now—and have married Susie."

"She was the one who was so jealous of—"

"Of Miss Ruth that was. A silly thing! Miss Ruth let me dangle at her shoe-string. She was one who shone on the flowers and the weeds alike, like the sun."

"She has changed more than any one."

"I cannot think her my Miss Ruth, my lady. Such a slim, brown thing as she was, with her long, black hair, and her graceful ways."

"Don't you think her prettier, now?"

"No, my lady. I don't like such *bouncers*, begging your ladyship's pardon."

I laughed heartily.

"I am glad to see you so well and so merry, my lady. You mind me of her in your shape and ways. I am glad to see you back, my lady, and wish you much joy, now and to come."

"Your countrymen have second-sight, sometimes, Andrew. I wish you could give a peep into my future."

"Trouble and sorrow come to all, my lady. Far may it be from you, now and always. Beware the Dark Pool, my lady; and—I have heard you sing like a bird—as *she* used to. Sing to my lord, my lady, as David used, to drive away the evil thoughts that haunted King Saul."

Having given me this specimen of vaticination, Andrew trudged off as fast as he could. Isn't this mysterious? I am to beware of the Dark Pool, and to charm my husband by singing to him. The oracle has spoken—let me elucidate. Ruth attracted my husband before he was my husband. Ruth's voice was one of her greatest attractions. My voice is like Ruth's. Not the least of her charm lay in her lithe shape and winning manner—as a child I remembered that. My "shape and ways" are like hers. Ruth still has her voice, but has lost her graceful shape. I have both voice and shape. Ergo, I possess three of Ruth's most powerful instruments of fascination—voice, shape, and ways—i. e., *movements*—or *motion*—more euphonistic, I suppose. And my face is fairer than hers was at that time. It is *younger now.* Thank you, good Andrew, you have shown me the winning cards; now it lies with me to play them."

* * * * *

I have passed this evening alone, entirely alone; and I sang all the evening to *try my voice.* It is as flexile, as clear, and as sweet as ever. I think it even improved in richness and volume. To be sure I am some months older than I was. But I have not practiced since I was married, having had no piano until now.

* * * * *

Aunt Julia said to me, this morning—

"I found Cecil walking up and down, under your window last night, while you were singing. I asked him if he wouldn't like to go in. He said—'Is any one there beside Ruth?' I thought I would say who it was at first; but I changed my mind, and answered—'No—and she will have no one to see her home.' 'The way is safe and short,' was his very indifferent reply."

"Perhaps he waited for her, outside."

"No, he did not. He came in, and passed the evening with me. And what do you think we talked about?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You, my dear. Your faults and perfections. Only *I* was the one who found out the faults—he only saw the perfections."

I blushed—I *know* I did—like a girl when she talks of her lover; and, feeling my face to be a ridiculous color, I ran away.

Aunt Julia brought Cecil to make me a call this evening. It was odd, but the same feeling that he was my lover come to see me, took possession of me. I felt—and I know that I *looked* foolish; and—oh, how my hand trembled when he took it in his! Never had it so trembled before.

"*I* came to hear a little music," said Aunt Julia, after awhile.

I remembered what Andrew had said, and I didn't refuse to gratify her, though I thought he looked resigned, as if he expected to be tortured through his ears. When I sat down to the piano, I felt inspired. I meant to call my husband back, by the voice of the woman he had once loved. All my tremors vanished, and I sang triumphantly: as did Miriam, when the hosts of the Egyptians were scattered. Wasn't Ruth my Egyptian? As I sang, Cecil came nearer to the piano—it seemed as if my voice were drawing him to me. At last he stood by my side—and, when the song was finished, the piece of music fluttered from the rack to the floor. I stretched out my hand to catch it, he stooped for the same purpose—his lips met my hand, and rested on it, in a long, long kiss. I blushed, I felt absurdly fluttered, my heart throbbed, my face burned. I looked guiltily towards Aunt Julia. She sat sublimely unconscious of the scene enacting at the piano, knitting something very bright and soft.

"The child sings very well, doesn't she, Cecil?" she said.

"Well! She sings like an angel," said Cecil; and I blushed again, and tumbled all my loose music upon the floor, while pretending to look for a piece; and Cecil helped me pick it up, and kissed my hand again, favored by the shadow and our half-kneeling position. And I never was so happy in my life. Wasn't he my own husband, and I had a right to him; and I had conquered—fought against beaten Ruth!

"Come, Cecil," said Aunt Julia, "I can't keep awake any longer."

I looked at my watch, thinking it to be nine o'clock. It was eleven.

* * * * *

I put on my prettiest morning-dress this morning; and how I fussed over my hair! I was to see *him* at breakfast. I found Aunt Julia already there when I went down, but no Cecil. I was ashamed to ask Aunt Julia if he were ill; I had been so utterly indifferent to all his moods and motions; but I felt as if I could eat nothing until I knew if he were well—or ill. When I took my napkin from its ring, a twisted note fell from it, on which these few words were written:—

"I am called away for the present. Good-bye, Eleanor. Affectionately,

"CARRICK."

Called away for the present! Where? And when did he go?

His valet, upon being summoned, said—that his lord went in the midnight train.

"Where?"

"His lordship did not say."

I was ashamed to question the man any further; but I felt, and I am sure I looked anxious. Dreadful tales of men called away suddenly, to be murdered, forced themselves upon my recollection, and my breakfast was put aside untasted.

Aunt Julia sat and gossipped mildly, while my hopes went down. I had just found my way to my husband's heart, and he had disappeared, no one knew where; and Aunt Julia tells about Mrs. Roger Rupell's last new suit—and how Mr. Roger Rupell doesn't know that she has it. Why should he mind, if he did?

"Aunt Julia, you will drive me crazy!" I said, at last, jumping up from the table.

"What *have* I done?" responds that unconscious being. And I explain, by bursting into tears. "Gracious! what *is* the matter with the child?"

"I wanted him to stay, Aunt Julia, and he has gone away!"

"O-o-o-oh! Well, we will write to him, to come back."

"And will he come?"

"My love! won't he? He has fallen in love with you all over again."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. Didn't I see him kissing your hand, at that terrible rate?"

"Did you see that?"

"You were not as sly as you thought. Why, you blush as if this were your first love-making!"

"It is, Aunt Julia," I said, hiding my face on her shoulder. "I n—never ap—preci—a—ated him, be—fore."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 15, 1870.

## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### MRS. WOOD'S STORY.

We regret that we are not able to publish a larger portion of this fine story every week, but owing to the necessity of the publication here corresponding with the issue in England, we are unable to do so at present.

With Mrs. Wood's next story, we hope to manage things in a more satisfactory manner.

We trust, however, our readers have that much confidence in our good sense, as to take it for granted when some apparently very expedient thing is not done, that there are reasons with which they are not acquainted which prevent us from doing it.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS AND BEHIND THE SCENES: A Book about "The Show Business" in All its Branches. From Puppet Shows to Grand Opera; Learned Pigs to Lectures; Burlesque Blondes to Actors and Actresses. By OLIVE LOGAN. This is a work of more than 300 pages, and contains numerous engravings. It is full of anecdotes, incidents, &c., and appears to be very entertaining reading. It is sold only by agents. Price from $3.30 to $4.50 according to binding, &c. Published by Parmelee & Co., Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

ERNEST LINWOOD; OR, THE INNER LIFE OF THE AUTHOR. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LITTLE DORRITT. By CHARLES DICKENS. A play based upon this novel is now being performed at the Arch Street theatre—therefore its issue is well timed. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 35 cents.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. January. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. January. Published by G. W. Childs, Philada.

LEAH; OR, THE FORSAKEN. A Romance of a Jewish Maiden. The drama founded on this book is now being performed at the Walnut Street theatre, by Miss Bateman, an actress of much ability and power. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS. By W. M. THACKERAY. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC. Published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philadelphia. This Almanac is handsomely gotten up, for distribution among the seventy to eighty thousand subscribers of that well edited paper, the Public Ledger. It contains a variety of useful information. Mr. Childs always does what he undertakes in excellent style.

GOOD WORDS. January number. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. January. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight St., New York.

GOOD HEALTH, January. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston.

FRA DIAVOLO. Containing Text, Overture, and Principal Music. Edited by G. W. TRYON, Jr. Published by the American Opera Publishing Company, 19 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by Music and Book Dealers generally.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 140 Fulton St., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

### Another Byron in the Field.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie writes from London to The San Francisco Chronicle that Col. George Gordon De Luna Byron has arrived in England, and laid before Lord Wentworth his claim to be recognized as the legitimate son of the poet. Col. Byron was an officer of Fremont's during the war, and his story has been extensively published in the American press. He says that Lord Byron visited Spain during his youth, and there contracted a secret marriage with a Catholic lady of good family, but deserting her and becoming enamored of other fair faces, he determined to conceal an alliance which was legally not binding. This American colonel avows himself the fruit of that union. He further declares that Lady Byron discovered the secret by means of some correspondence between the poet and his Spanish bride, and this discovery was the true cause of the famous separation. Col. Byron seems to have furnished no proof as yet to substantiate his romantic tale, and Lord Wentworth accordingly defers receiving him with open arms.

CHAIRS, as generally made, are a disgrace to our civilization. Common sense, if not a knowledge of anatomy, should have long since suggested wiser patterns, for the sake of both comfort and health. Yet, while in almost everything else we have innumerable forms furnished and pressed upon our attention, in chairs it seems impossible to escape the traditional elements of badness which reappear under every variety of materials, carvings and adornments. The chair you are now sitting in has a back possibly straight, more likely convex at the height of the shoulders and concave at the small of the back. Sitting up as stiff as a poker, you may escape its inconveniences, but more likely you have settled down to your fate in it, till your shoulders are pressed forward, and you are doubled over into a position neither anatomically elegant nor healthful. These curves should be exactly reversed. The small of the back needs support, as you will find by filling the concavity of the chair back with a cushion; and the shoulders do not need pushing forward as chair-builders seem to suppose. This matter is of considerable consequence to those who have to sit a great deal, and such a man will find it as much for his interest to take pains to have a good chair, as a good pen, or a good watch.

ELECTRICAL CHILD.—The French papers report the death of an electrical child, aged 10 months, at St. Urbain, near Lyons. This interesting but inconvenient infant was, it is stated, so endowed with electricity that nobody could enter the room where it was without receiving constant electric shocks. It is stated to have passed away painlessly so far as it was concerned itself, but there is reason to fear that the survivors who attended must have suffered much, for it is affirmed by the doctors that at the instant of death luminous effluvia proceeded from its body and continued for several minutes after its decease. The Medical Times and Gazette, alluding to the case, says that it is supposed to be quite unprecedented in the world of science.

☞ A San Francisco woman had occasion to spank her little girl. She had been playing about the wharves, and had sat on a leaky can of nitro-glycerine, the consequence of which was that the first smack administered caused an explosion, which sent things flying in different directions, and broke all the glass in the room.

☞ The great natural curiosity known as Sunken Lake is situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Oregon. The walls are two thousand feet high, and almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth is unknown, the surface is smooth and unruffled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its breadth at ten. No living man has, it is said, ever reached the water's edge. The lake lies "silent, still and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of genii."

☞ It has been estimated that genteel farming in the country out from large cities costs about $25,000 a year, unless an attempt is made to raise something, and then it goes as high as $50,000.

☞ A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

☞ How about those elaborate and curious combinations of figures so current last year, which proved indubitably that Napoleon III. would abdicate or die in 1869?

☞ A first-class wedding, at least so far as the presents were concerned, came off last week in New York. A house, furnished, was one of the gifts; besides which, three sides of a large room were occupied by tables upon which were three or four $10,000 checks, a solid service of silver, diamonds, jewels, and costly articles of manufacture exceeding description. A number of detectives were present to guard the costly array. The presents are said to exceed $200,000.

☞ The woman question—Is he rich?—*Boston Advertiser.*

## More About California.

### A California Winter.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, December 18, 1869.

I have been waiting to write my "Post" friends something about winter in this vicinity, yet rapidly as we are now approaching Christmas I have experienced nothing but the shortening days to make me realize the fact. When I wander out through the pine groves over the adjacent hills, to be sure I see the snow on the distant mountain peaks gleaming with dazzling splendor—yet these mountain peaks are miles away, forty, fifty miles and upwards, and they form with their wintry mantles so striking a contrast to the mild, delicious temperature in which we are revelling here as to half tempt one to believe that winter reigns alone upon the heights and will not descend into our midst.

Letters and papers from home apprize me that winter indeed makes itself felt there. Well, whilst you are meeting the cold, wintry blasts, and shivering amidst ice and snow, I am living most of the time without doors, or when I do condescend to remain within, sitting with open doors and windows. It seemed marvellous enough to me when upon Thanksgiving day, November 18, I sat upon the porch all the afternoon, the thermometer at 70° in the shade; but the same balmy, incomparable weather having continued since unbroken, I scarcely know what to say at December 18 of the unexpected treat. There have been some frosty nights, but by breakfast time in the morning the thermometer is always above 40, and at noonday ranges from 60 to 70 in the shade. We of the East have after all little real idea of the climate here until we have tried it for ourselves. We are apt to fancy that when the rainy season begins there is an end to pleasant days, whereas when we come to know the truth we find that even the most severe rainy seasons are broken by days and even weeks of sunny weather.

This year winter is perhaps later than usual setting in. "Ah, we shall pay dearly for it bye and bye!" sigh the croakers. What care I though if we do! Should there be a late spring, who of us can be sure that we will live to be troubled by it? We can, however, enjoy and glory in these cool-inspiring days and nights that are now ours. The nights! Oh, I wish every friend and reader I possess who has an eye for the beautiful could see the nights I have seen for the past week. It is moonlight, last night the moon was about full, and California moonlight exceeds in brilliancy and loveliness everything one can imagine who has not seen it. Why, one can almost read comfortably by the moon's rays, and the views of the distant hills and mountains bathed in the liquid light is exquisitely grand and lovely.

In the valleys some ten and fifteen miles below us, wild flowers have been springing up amidst the fresh grass ever since the first rain fell, and are now at the height of their bloom. Still farther away in Marysville the orange trees in the gardens are laden with fruit. Even here in Grass Valley flowers still bloom in the gardens, many a rose has been plucked for me since that of which I spoke in my last letter, and yesterday there was brought me from a neighboring garden a bouquet of roses, pansies, geraniums, verbenas, petunias and other flowers.

*The "Iron Circle."*

Last night I walked out through the glorious moonlight with a party of friends to see a panorama at "Hamilton Hall," the Grass Valley "Academy of Music." The panorama was graced with the above title, and professed to represent scenes illustrative of a trip around the world by rail and steamboat, starting from San Francisco. I cannot say I usually much affect panoramas, but after reading the brilliant advertisements I fancied that this one, however poorly painted it might be, would at least have interest for me so far as the overland route from San Francisco to New York was concerned, by recalling to mind the glorious scenery I had so lately enjoyed.

As we sat waiting for the curtain to rise there came abruptly forward and took their seats in the place reserved for the orchestra, a shock-headed youth and a sleepy looking man. Before we had time to take breath the former, with a guitar out of tune, the latter with a "fiddle" not in tune, set forth upon an inharmonious tone-race, each performer evidently being utterly regardless of the movements of the other. I presume I need make no further comments after remarking that the music both at the Chinese theatre and at the Indian *fandango* was decidedly preferable to this grating jangle.

After refreshing us with two or three "tunes," which it would require some skill to distinguish one from the other, there came a blessed respite. Then the lecturer, who was also the distinguished *artist* who had *perpetrated* this panorama, came bowing forward. After giving us the startling information that if we set out from any given point and went straight round the earth we would "fetch up" at the same point we had started from—I make use of his own phraseology—he gave signal for the rising of the curtain by touching a silver-plated table bell. I have seen many daubs in the course of my life, but never did I see one to compare with that now unfolded to my view. Colors smeared over the canvas much after the same fashion that children dispense with the colors of their first paint boxes, and not only poor perspective but about as much attempt at grasping the truth of the case in representing certain scenes as there was displayed in a certain article that recently appeared in a prominent monthly, entitled "Among High Rockies." There was this difference, however, the magazine article was well gotten up, and might appear truthful to those who had never been amongst the scenes described, which the panorama most certainly could not.

It was a terrible caricature of scenes among the Sierras, the Rocky Mountains, and other points upon the overland route, replete with the most glaring discrepancies. Streams and even tremendous cataracts were represented where none in reality exist, picturesque lakes and glorious canons were so distorted as to be totally unrecognizable. In referring to his scene of the "Devil's Gate," a wild pass just beyond Weber canon, the lecturer remarked: "I didn't try to paint this quite *up to nature*, 'cause *these here* stones look so exactly as if they'd been squared off by a mason, that if I had 'a painted *'em up to nature* nobody would 'a believed it true." I could not help wondering if he had been afraid to paint trees "up to nature," as well as many other things too.

The trip around the world was to carry us, after crossing our own continent, across the Atlantic, through Europe, Asia, and by the Pacific back to San Francisco again. We bore the route over our own continent, bravely, as far as Philadelphia; then, however, nature could bear no more, and we left. There was the city of Philadelphia as seen from the Schuylkill bridges, also Fairmount Waterworks and Park. I can give you no better idea of the truthfulness of the whole, than by telling you that Girard College was represented by a huge, red-brick building, not unlike some of our factories.

After this, more would, I think, be unnecessary—except for me to remark that I would not have my reader consider this a fair specimen of "Hamilton Hall" exhibitions. No, indeed—a Parepa Rosa has sung within its walls; many other artists who have visited San Francisco, have given also here specimens of their skill; many admirable lectures have been delivered; many good theatrical performances given. In fact, "Hamilton Hall" has played an important rôle in Grass Valley history; and as one of the most gracefully witty ladies I have met here remarked just now, when she heard of what I was writing: "Tell your 'Post' friends that what the Coliseum was to Rome, Hamilton Hall is to Grass Valley."

"Norton I., Emperor of the United States."

In referring to my visits to San Francisco I have hitherto neglected to give honorable mention to the above-named individual, who is decidedly one of the curiosities of the city. He is an English Jew—one of the pioneer settlers of California, who, during his early career in this country, was pre-eminently successful. In the year 1852, he was in a flourishing mercantile business; and then ruin came to him through one of those fearful conflagrations that several times in those early days devastated the city. His misfortunes preyed upon Norton's mind, and finally shook his reason. Amongst the vagaries of his wandering mind rose uppermost the fixed idea that he was "Emperor of these United States," and that every citizen of the land was indebted to pay him a yearly tribute. Here it strikes me there is some method in his madness—for he has actually supported himself for years, by the receipt of his so-called tributes.

He promenades the streets decked out in a blue military uniform, with heavy epaulettes and revolutionary hat; and upon state occasions, trails a long sword at his side. When in need of money, he boldly enters the establishment of prominent merchants and demands his "tributes" in sums seldom less than $2,50 apiece, which, so indulgently is he dealt with, he rarely fails to receive. I have even heard of instances where those who have known him for years, unhesitatingly hand him over from five to ten dollars at a time. In return, he gives receipts, stamped with a great seal bearing the words: "Norton I., Emperor of the United States." There are several restaurants that Norton frequents, where almost at any time he can obtain a meal gratis either through the hospitality of the heads of the establishment, or of some party whom he may take a fancy to join there.

With the gravest face in the world Norton asserts his relationship to the prominent royal families of Europe. Queen Victoria and the Emperor of Austria he calls his dear cousins; and to the Bourbon family he considers himself very closely related. Owing to the latter fact, he looks, of course, upon Napoleon III. as a "base interloper," and never wearies of telling of his hatred of him.

Norton was formerly followed in his strolls through the city by two large dogs, named "Lazarus" and "Bummer." About a year ago both dogs died. Norton had their funeral celebrated with great honors, and crowds of people actually followed them to their graves. Afterward the principal of one of the restaurants frequented by "Emperor Norton I." had "Lazarus" taken up and his skin handsomely stuffed.

I had never heard mention of this distinguished individual before coming to California; and have fancied, therefore, he might also be a novelty to my readers. Here his majesty is a well-known personage; and whenever he chooses to issue a proclamation, however ludicrous, the columns of any paper he may select are open to him for its publication. So greatly, too, does he succeed in amusing the people, that his proclamations are even copied from one paper to another. Sometimes he takes a journey through his domain to see and to be seen by other of his "subjects" than the citizens of San Francisco. He has been recently visiting Sacramento, and while there, issued in the "Union," the following proclamations, which evidently have a point:—

PROCLAMATION BY THE EMPEROR.—Emperor Norton I. was in the city yesterday, having come up from the Bay to see for himself how matters and things were progressing here. His Majesty is as healthy and handsome as ever, and his brilliant wardrobe and proboscis indicate that the stringency of the money market has not affected him to any great extent. The Emperor inspected the Capitol, watched the legislators at their work, and expressed satisfaction with the appearance of the whole. We regret to say that his Majesty deemed it necessary to issue the following Proclamation, which he has commanded us to publish:—Whereas, We, Norton I., *Dei Gratia* Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, now on a royal visit to the city of Sacramento, are grieved to find the streets so dirty and neglected; and Whereas, We do consider that since the establishment of the depot of the Continental Railroad in this city that affairs are now substantial; now, therefore, we do hereby command the Board of Supervisors to forthwith make appropriations to have the streets properly graded and kept clean, so that capitalists can direct their attention to railroad cars for the convenience of the public.

NORTON I.

Sacramento, this 10th day of December, 1869.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It is necessary for the future safety of the nationality of the people of the United States, as also for the preservation of the integrity of all its territory and rights, that certain constitutional amendments should be made to the present Constitution; now, therefore,

We, Norton I., *Dei Gratia*, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, do hereby command the Legislature, now in session in this city, to forthwith pass an Act instructing Congress to pass an Act legalizing the decrees of Norton I., to enable us to make the said amendments and such other alterations in the Government as may be necessary for the public safety.

NORTON I.

Given at Sacramento City, December 13, 1869.

Before this epistle reaches its destination, the glad Christmas day will be past for 1869. It will not be too late, however, even should January 1, 1870, too, be fled, to wish those who have followed me through my wanderings, one and all, a "Happy New Year."

AUBER FORESTIER.

### How Gongs are Made.

None but Chinamen could heretofore make gongs to perfection. It used to be supposed that they possessed the secret of mixing the alloy of which the clamorous instruments are formed, or else some means of tempering the metal to allow of its being beaten into shape, and afterwards hardened to a sonorous density. For a genuine gong is brittle; it will crack if struck with a hard substance; and yet it bears hammer-marks all over it. I don't know whether English musical instrument makers have not supplied gongs because there is no demand for them, or because they could not make them. But if the latter, there need no longer be a scarcity in the market; for a French metallurgist has been experimenting upon gong and cymbal metals, and has revealed the Chinese secret, if secret it has been. The nature of the alloy has long been known; it consists of eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin. But the shaping: attempt to beat this compound into a dish-form, and it flies like porcelain. The trick lies in first heating it, and hammering it while at a dull red heat; it is then malleable as soft iron; allow it to cool, and it relapses into friability. The making of a gong must be tedious work, though; for the thin metal will soon cool, and there must be incessant re-heatings. A barbarian's patience must be required for the task. Perhaps it is the labor thus spent upon gongs that renders them so expensive.

☞ The Boston Evening Transcript and Traveller have been employing female compositors since 1864. They are said to give great satisfaction, and work at full wages.

☞ Josh Billings is the prince of weather prophets. Here is a specimen: January 5th—Perhaps rain; perhaps not. January 10th, 11th—Weather shifty; lay in yure ice."

☞ The escape of noxious gases through heated cast iron stoves may, it is said, be avoided by lining the cylinders with fire brick, and enclosing the stoves externally with tin.

☞ Slander kills threefold—him that utters, him that is attacked, and him that hearkens.


### To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of colic, wind galls, swellings, sore throat, spavins, bruises, old sores, &c. This Liniment is no new remedy. It has been used and approved of for 28 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the *racing stables of England* for it. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one once using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by the druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jan1-5t


☞ At a recent meeting of the wool manufacturers, Mr. George William Bond told the following, in illustration of the freaks of fashion and the follies of the fashionable. He said that he heard the other day of a very stylish article of cloth, made of coarse wool, at a mill in which he was formerly interested. He had the curiosity to go to the mill to see the stylish fabric; when, lo, he immediately recognized it to be an article got up by himself over thirty years ago, for the negroes on the rice plantations of South Carolina and Georgia! The treasurer of the mill admitted that it was even so; but added, that the negroes wanted something more showy to wear; and that he was forced to close out his stock on hand to a fashionable tailor on Broadway, where it was eagerly taken by "genteel youths."


*CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 13 and 15 Jefferson St. Office 54 Frost Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ L. S. Graves, of Louisville, shot himself in that city a short time ago. He had an insurance policy of $5,000 on his life containing the following clause: *If* the insured "shall die by his own hand, by delirium tremens, or the use of opium, or in consequence of a duel, or the laws of any nation, state, or province, the policy shall be void." In a suit to recover the insurance, the jury, strangely enough, found for the widow on the ground that the assured was at the time in a momentary fit of moral insanity, which subjected his will and impelled the homicide beyond the power of self-control or successful resistance. The court held that the inevitable act of an insane man who, in that respect, is morally dead, is not in the sense of the law or the recited conditions his voluntary act.

**Itch, Tetter, Blotches, all Eruptions.**

*"SWAYNE'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT"*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| "Itch." | Cures Itch in 12 to 48 hours. | "Tetter." |
| "Itch." | SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, | "Tetter." |
| "Itch." | Cures Itching Piles. | "Tetter." |
| "Tetter." | The most obstinate | "Itch." |
| "Tetter." | cases of Tetter, | "Itch." |
| "Tetter." | Scald Head, Salt Rheum, | "Itch." |
| "Tetter." | All Skin Diseases. | "Itch." |

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail for 60 cents. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 130 North 6th St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. jan15-3m

☞ The Peruvians having escaped the predicted perils of earthquake and flood, are represented in recent letters as heaping maledictions on the prophets. And not entirely without reason; for in their fright the people of Lima and Callao were induced needlessly to hurry out of those cities to the number of 60,000, with all their movables, and live for a week in tents and sheds, where they caught agues and fevers. What they have lost by a week's suspension of business, by the removal of their goods, and by robberies—for thieves somehow keep their heads cool in time of panic—is estimated at nearly one million dollars. Professor Falb, who foretold the earthquake, and Captain Saxby, who predicted the inundation, have been burnt in effigy.

**To Soldiers, Heirs and Others**—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. BENNET S. LEAGUE & Co., sept4-1y


☞ At Cincinnati, 42,000 barrels of "saloon washings" are re-distilled every year, yielding about two and a half gallons new spirits each. The slops bring about two dollars per barrel.

### What Becomes of Old Shoes.

Under this caption we are told, in *Cosmos* (August 28, 1869,) that old shoes are cut in small pieces, which are afterwards kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to render the leather hard and brittle. When this is found to have been effected, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which causes it to adhere together (for instance, shellac, or any other resinous substances, or good glue, or a thick solution of gum,) and is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, etc.


### The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

*Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,*

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain-suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them*. The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

*Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.*

BRYERLY, MASS., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for *Twelve Years*. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your *Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter*, and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

*Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes*

gave ease and comfort *to a bed-ridden sufferer*, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869. (Signed.) HERMAN LIESE of Germania, near Martin. Witness: Heiner Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT*, aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS*.

*OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.*

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uterl, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $6 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 609 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-tf

☞ THE FORCE OF WAVES.—The force of the waves striking against the soft, sandy shore of Alameda County, south of San Antonia, Cal., washes away every year a strip of the coast varying from three to seven feet in width. As land in the district is worth several thousand dollars per acre, the loss entailed is most serious.

**Happy Discovery.**—How to save your Stoves; no burning out of bricks or grates, or warping of tops. We guarantee every stove by our method, to last ten years longer than they would if attended to in the prevailing way. Send address and 50 cents and get this valuable receipt. Address OAD & LESNE, Cumberland, Md. jan1-3t


### How a Palace is Lighted.

It is said that one of the European palaces burns ten thousand wax candles nightly. The candles are put in their places and connected by a web of gun-cotton, which passes from wick to wick. When one end of this chain of gun-cotton is lighted it flashes instantly from one candle to another, and all in the room are lighted at once. The gun-cotton is prepared with some kind of perfume, and at the time is burns an agreeable odor is diffused in the room. That will do very well for a palace where candles are burned, but in some of the large halls in New York which are lighted by gas, all of the hundreds of burners are lighted by electricity. A fine wire, so small as not to be noticeable, passes from one burner to another, and is so arranged as to give a minute spark at each. By a single movement of a key attached to the electrical apparatus the gas throughout an immense hall is lighted "as quick as a flash."

### Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the *great fact* that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbances that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its *vigor must be recruited*. The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every enfeebled function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinforced with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a mere stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a prostrating cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinia. jan1-3t

☞ A certain lady was chosen to represent the ill-starred Scottish Queen, at a Christmas Festival. "Well, I declare," said she, "I must go home and look in my *Bible*, and find out something about Mary, Queen of Scots, for I'm sure *I* don't know anything about her."


**For Throat Disease** and affections of the chest, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" or Cough Lozenges, are of great value. In coughs, irritation of the throat caused by cold, or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce the most beneficial results. The Troches have *proved* their efficacy.

☞ FRENCH HEELS.—Many fashionable young ladies are suffering with abscesses and ulcers on the feet, caused and produced by wearing French heels on their boots.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The effect of this peerless salve is truly wonderful; cases of scald head, sores and scorbutic eruptions, that had defied every other means, yield in a few days to its cleansing and healing powers.

☞ Two billions of matches are used in Europe every day: the manufacture employs five hundred thousand workmen, and produces $50,000,000 worth of goods a year.

**Just Out.**

*"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,"*

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

ROBERTON & Co., 10 Astor House, New York.

Use no more of those horrible tasted nauseating *"Brown Cubeb Things."* oct23-3m

☞ A tipsy sailor, examining a cane-seated chair, was heard to wonder who took the trouble to twist the cane around all those little holes.

**Psychomancy,** Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y


☞ It has begun to be considered gentlemanly in San Francisco to regard five cents in making change.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Nov. last, by the Rev. Dr. Dales, Mr. ROBERT J. SCOTT to Miss ELIZA IRWIN, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM H. ROBBINS to Miss MARY A. ANTHONY.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. B. C. L. CAMPBELL to Miss LIZZIE B., daughter of John D. Myers, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH LINCK to Miss MARY WATMORE, both of this city.

On the 30th of Dec., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. ARCHY LITTLE to Miss LIZZIE MCKINLEY, both of this city.

On the 6th of Dec., 1869, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. HENRY R. CLOTHIER to HANNAH WRIGHT, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL ARMSTRONG, in his 72d year.

On the 4th instant, MARY, wife of John Newton, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, ASA LEPPINCOTT, in his 63d year.

On the 2d instant, EMELINE, wife of Samuel A. Clark.

On the 3d instant, MARY E. TOWNSEND, in her 20th year.

On the 1st instant, CHARLES L. OSBORN, in his 23d year.

On the 1st instant, ANDREW J. CATHERWOOD, in his 49th year.

On the 1st instant, RUHAN J. PATTERSON, in his 54th year.

# THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

**Under a Ban.**

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

**Leonie's Mystery.**

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

**Bessy Rane.**

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

**A Novelet**

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

**Who Told?**

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

**The Gems of the English Magazines.**

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

### The Wild Goose.

Many inquiries have been lately made concerning the habits of the common Wild Goose, or Canada Goose, in reply to which we present an extract from Mr. Samuels' work on the Birds of New England, pp 483, 484, 485.

"This well known bird passes through or over New England in the spring and autumn migrations, appearing in the former about the first week in April, and passing in flocks until the 10th of that month. In the autumn, it returns as early as the last week in September; and from then until the first of December, and even later, it passes in flocks in its southern migrations. The Wild Goose, as the rule, breeds in the most northern portions of the continent: it sometimes passes the season of incubation in the limits of the United States; but the occurrences are very few of its having been found to remain in New England. I understand that it has bred on Martha's Vineyard, south of Massachusetts, several times; and I have been told of other instances, but do not consider them well authenticated. The nest is located in some retired place not far from the water, generally among the thickest grass, and not unfrequently under a bush. It is carelessly formed of dry plants of various kinds, and is of a large size, flat, and raised to the height of several inches. The eggs are usually about six in number; they average three and a half inches by two and a half, are thick shelled, rather smooth, and of a very dull yellowish green color. The period of incubation is twenty-eight days. Wilson says of this bird:—

"'Their first arrival on the coast of New Jersey is early in October; and their first numerous appearance is the sure prognostic of severe weather. Those which continue all winter frequent the shallow bays and marsh lands; their principal food being the broad, tender, green leaves of a marine plant which grows on stones and shells, and is usually called sea-cabbage; and also the roots of the sedge, which they are frequently observed in the act of tearing up. Every few days they make an excursion to the inlets on the beach for gravel. They cross, indiscriminately, over land and water, generally taking the nearest course to their object; differing, in this respect, from the Brant, which will often go a great way round by water, rather than cross over the land. They swim well; and, if wing broken, dive, and go a long way under water, causing the sportsman a great deal of fatigue before he can kill them. Except in very calm weather, they rarely sleep on the water, but rest all night in the marshes. When the shallow bays are frozen, they seek the mouths of inlets, near the sea, occasionally visiting the air-holes in the ice; but these bays are seldom so completely frozen as to prevent them from feeding on the bars.

"'The flight of the wild geese is heavy and laborious, generally in a straight line, or in two lines, approximating to a point thus, ▷: in both cases the van is led by the old gander, who, every now and then, pipes his well known *honk*, as if to ask how they come on; and the honk of 'All's well' is generally returned by some of the party. Their course is in a straight line, with the exception of the undulations of their flight. When bewildered in foggy weather, they appear sometimes to be in great distress, flying about in an irregular manner, and for a considerable time over the same quarter, making a great clamor. On those occasions, should they approach the earth and alight,—which they sometimes do, to rest and recollect themselves,—the only hospitality they meet with is death and destruction from a whole neighborhood already in arms for their ruin.'"

### A GREETING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Come in! come in!
Thou shining messenger of God!
Untroubled yet by grief or sin,
Thy weary pilgrimage untrod.
Thy unsunned brow is beautified,
And crowned with glory by His grace;
He breathes the blessing of His love
Upon thy young unwritten face.

Come in! come in!
For millions of impatient hands
Are stretched to draw the stranger in,
From sunrise unto sunset lands.
The saddened people of the South,
With fair-haired Northmen, wait to press
Upon thy rich unsullied mouth
The greeting of their happiness!

Come in! come in!
And let thy brows be olive bound,
A hazel wand thy hand within,
And time thy footsteps to the sound
Of breathing lyre, in measure sweet;
So shall these notes of ruffian war
Die out abashed, in silence meet,
And Love become our guiding star.

Come in! come in!
And let thy song be sweet and mild;
So, haply, hearing thou shalt win,
And calm this storm of passion wild,
And bid this jarring discord cease,
To the grand chorus of our song
Restore the missing voice of Peace,
And crush the many-headed Wrong!

Come in! come in!
We crown thee with our holiest prayers,
Almost to suffering akin,
For they are breathed through suppliant tears.
We crown thee with a reverent hand,
That gives its nearest, dearest gift—
A wish—that from our troubled land
Thy coming may the shadows lift!

Come in! come in!
We'll pledge thee in a draught divine—
A rarer, costlier ne'er hath been—
And Hope shall bear the blushing wine.
It mantles with the high resolve
Of many a noble, patriot heart;
No matter who may treacherous prove,
We trust in God and do our part!

# GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### NOT QUITE HEARTLESS.

The window was thrown open to the summer sun, and a fire burnt in the grate. To every one but the poor sick invalid the heat seemed stifling. Richard Dunn, a fine portly man, mentally, pronounced it to be so as he paced the room with gentle steps. *She* was cold; and a suspicion was dawning on those around that it might be with the advance shadow of death.

She was passing away very gently: the painful adjuncts that too often attend even young girls to the grave spared Belle Annesley. The maid dressed her still, and combed out the soft curls of her pretty hair, and now and again tied a bit of ribbon in it. The cough had left her; there seemed absolutely nothing the matter with her but weakness. Wise Dr. Tyndal, paying his visit this morning, had declared to Mr. Dunn that if they could only fight against that, she might recover. But Mr. Dunn knew quite well that they could not fight against it. The child herself knew it.

She really looked but a child; more so than ever, in spite of the huge shawl that wrapped her up, and her black-and-white muslin dress. She lay back in the easy-chair, her feet on a footstool; the trembling fingers of her delicate hands plucking at the white handkerchief that lay in her lap. Richard Dunn, happening to notice the restless movement, and not liking the look of it, stood still for a full minute regarding her.

"What is amiss with the handkerchief, Belle?"

"Nothing," she listlessly answered, pushing it aside. The next minute she had begun again—at the shawl this time. Mr. Dunn sat down by her, and took her hand in his.

"Do you feel worse, my dear?"

"No. Why?"

"You are very silent," he answered by way of excuse.

"I was thinking—thinking of the past. Of those old days, when I was so wild and heartless and wilful. They seem to be ages ago now."

"Past time often does, my dear."

"Always, I should think, to one like me—leaving the world forever. I want you to say that you forgive me," she added in a whisper.

"Forgive you! What for?"

"Oh, you know. I did cause you pain in those days, and I caused it willfully. A vain, mocking, ridiculing thing—that's what I was; nothing else. I—I don't care to recall it all in words; but I want you to say you forgive me."

Richard Dunn stooped over her and kissed her forehead.

"My dear child, if there is anything you need forgiveness for, take it heartily; but I think you are fanciful to-day. I wish—I wish you had been spared to us. Sarah and I would have striven to make life pleasant to you."

"Thank you for all your kindness; thank you forever."

The trembling fingers, entwined in his, presently released themselves and began to work again. Mr. Dunn did not altogether like the signs. He quitted the room to find his wife. During the interval, little Tom Canterbury came in with his nurse.

When the boy had been taken down to dessert the previous evening at the dinner in Belgravia—for we have not got beyond the day spoken of in the last chapter—Mrs. Richard Dunn asked him to go to them on the following morning; and Judith was told to bring him. In the old days at Cuilling, when Miss Annesley was the rector's daughter, she had taken part in trying to teach Judith to read. The instruction, as previously hinted, had not come to much, but Judith was grateful all the same. During this present sojourn in London, she had occasionally, when out with her little charge, found her way to Mrs. Richard Dunn's. Tom had grown to like to go there, and to see Belle Annesley, between whom and himself a great friendship had arisen; in point of fact it was Belle who, when her cousin was starting for the dinner-visit, had asked her to bid Tom come.

And so Judith and he had arrived, nothing loth. Tom wore his morning attire: a plaid dress reaching to the knees, his straight legs incased in little white socks; in the afternoon Mrs. Dawkes would have him decked out in velvets and gewgaws; but Judith had her own way till then. A quiet, thoughtful, mild child was he, whose disposition and temper were admirable.

Belle Annesley kissed him; she took off his straw hat with her own fragile fingers, and stroked the falling curls of his light hair. Tom looked at her wistfully; it might be that he detected a change in her countenance, for a child sometimes sees signs hidden from older eyes.

"Lift him up, Judith."

There was ample room for the two on the large chair, and the boy was placed side by side with Belle. After considerable tugging, he succeeded in getting a book out of some mysterious under-pocket.

"I brought it for you to see," he said, as Judith left him to go and enjoy a gossip with Mrs. Dunn's nurse. "It has got an angel in it, and Jacob's ladder. Mr. Kage gave it me last night. Look: that's the angel, and that's the ladder, and its end is right up in heaven."

Belle Annesley's eyes were riveted on the picture with as much earnest interest as though she had been a child herself. Tom, waiting for sympathetic admiration, heard none.

"Isn't it pretty, Belle? I should like to be an angel."

Dropping the book, she clasped both his hands in hers. Her face and voice were alike strangely earnest.

"We may both be so shortly, Tom. *I* shall. You may not be long after me."

The words were remarkable—taken in connection with what the hidden future was destined to bring forth. But the dying sometimes speak with a curious prevision.

Tom Canterbury, to judge by his eyes, did not know whether to be most awed or interested. Belle had fallen back in her chair, and was plucking at the shawl again. He thought his book neglected.

"Judith didn't want me to bring it, Belle. Mrs. Dunn said last night I was to come."

"Yes, I wished for you," answered Belle. "I thought you were not coming, though: it is nearly afternoon."

"Judith didn't get ready. She went in to help Fry with grandmamma."

Belle rose from her seat, and tottered to a desk that was on a side-table, holding by the furniture as she went. Her strength for walking had almost passed away. Standing up before the desk, the shawl fell off her shoulders, and she looked like a shadow. The child got down with a jump and picked it up. She tottered back again, holding something in her hand.

It was a beautiful little box of mother-of-pearl, made in the form of a shell, and inlaid with silver. Inside was a raised fret-work of silver enclosing a miniature painting in bright colors—a baby borne by two angels, who were gazing upwards. Sitting down, Belle put it into the boy's hand: the toy was so small, that his hand easily clasped it.

"My brother brought it for me, when he came over from the West Indies at mamma's death. Tom, I give it to you. You must keep it always for my sake."

Tom, opening the lid, stood entranced with admiration, oblivious of everything but the picture that so charmed him. He had an eye for bright colors, which were wont to impart to him a strange delight.

"It's angels too," he said breathlessly. "They are carrying the baby up to heaven."

"When you look at it sometimes after I am gone, Thomas, remember that they have carried me up there," she whispered.

"Do you like to go?" asked the boy, somewhat dubious on the point, now that it seemed to be coming to action.

"Yes."

"But wouldn't you like to stay here, and have playthings? Such things as this?"

"No, not now. It is so weary here."

She was feebly endeavoring to fold the shawl around her, and said no more. The little exertion had fatigued her; she lay back panting for a few moments, and then, as if it brought relief, her fingers were at work at the shawl again. Mrs. Dunn, who had entered, took in all the signs with a rapid searching glance.

"Belle, my darling," she said, pushing the hair from the pale, damp brow, "you seem a little restless."

"Do I?" returned Belle, with apathy. "I am very tired, Sarah."

Tired indeed! Tired sadly in body, and very tired with the world and its cares. Poor Belle Annesley was dying, with all her trouble upon her—that unfortunate love for the man who had played her false. It racked her still; not as it had done, but more than was good for her comfort. One great wish lay over upon her—that she could see him once again. It almost seemed to her that she could not die without it. Foolish, foolish girl! if her death, she thought, should but bring a pang of repentance to him, a bitter, loving regret, why, then to herself it would be welcome. Sentiment clung to her to the last; and she wanted Barnaby Dawkes to see the wreck she had become for his sake. But she had not been able to call up the courage to ask for him.

It was to be, however. When Judith departed with little Canterbury, Mrs. Dunn went down-stairs with them. She was standing for an instant at one of the front windows, and saw Thomas Kage pass. He had just left the Miss Canterburys at their door after that visit to Mrs. Garston. She made a sign to Mr. Kage, and he came in.

"Go you up to her, Mr. Kage," she said, after telling him that both she and her husband fancied some change for the worse was approaching in Belle Annesley. "See what you think—and then come down and tell me; I'll wait here. Mr. Dunn has had to go out, but he will not be long."

When Mr. Kage entered the room, Belle had her eyes closed. He noticed the movement of the fingers spoken of by Mrs. Dunn. They were slowly at work. She gave a great start as he approached, and stared wildly.

"Oh, is it you?" she said in a minute, an account of disappointment in her tone. "I—I—I think I had dozed and was dreaming."

"Of whom were you dreaming, Belle?" he asked, very gently, as he sat down near her, and took one of her wasted hands in his.

The pale cheeks took a tinge of bright color at the question; the blue eyes, getting a little glassy now, fell downwards. But she gave the true answer. She generally did give it to Mr. Kage.

"I was dreaming of Captain Dawkes. I fancied he stood at that door talking to me; and when you came up, I—in the confusion of awaking—I really thought it was he."

"Would you like to see him, my dear?" asked Mr. Kage, after a pause.

Another faint flush of hectic.

"Perhaps he would not care to come. But—if he would, I should like to say good-bye to him."

"And how do you feel to-day?" resumed Mr. Kage, changing the subject without comment. "Brave and strong?"

"Oh, I feel about the same," she answered, listlessly. "I'm very tired."

"It is a pity I disturbed your snatch of sleep. And for nothing either, for I cannot stay. I have a hundred-and-one things to do to-day and to-morrow."

"But I shall see you again?" she said, as he stood up.

"Of course. I will come in this evening."

Happening to look back at her as he turned to close the door, Thomas Kage could but mark the eager, questioning, yearning look in the eyes that seemed to follow him. But still he said nothing about Captain Dawkes. That worthy gentleman might not choose to pay the visit, although bidden.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Sarah Dunn, anxiously.

"I do not see much difference in her," was Mr. Kage's answer. "Nevertheless, I think the end will not be very long delayed."

"Did you notice what I said about her fingers?"

"Yes. But I have seen the same thing in patients, who have subsequently got well."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite. She would like to see Dawkes."

"*Would* she!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn, in astonishment. "Were the case mine, I would rather send him miles away than see him. I do not understand it."

A peculiar expression crossed the face of Thomas Kage. Matter-of-fact, rather than imaginative, Sarah Dunn was just one of those who could not be likely to understand.

"Dawkes may not be willing to come," observed Mr. Kage. "*He* probably would rather go miles any other way."

But Barnaby Dawkes was not altogether heartless—and if he had cared for any one in the world, it was certainly Belle. As Thomas Kage was bending his steps across one of the squares, he accidentally met him in his mail-phaeton, two grooms seated behind. Mr. Kage made a sign that he would speak with him; and afterwards the Captain changed his course, and pulled up at Mrs. Richard Dunn's door.

Her head lay upon his arm, and the tears were trickling down her flushed cheeks. Barnaby Dawkes was a selfish man by nature and by habit, indifferent to all that did not concern himself, utterly careless of any world save this present one; but, looking on the wreck of that once sweet girl, on the unmistakable signs that said the life would so shortly close, he went into a fit of remorse and tenderness, both genuine.

"You will not quite forget me?" she sobbed, clinging to him. "I mean no treason against your wife, Barnaby; I would not for the world; only—only—that you will think of me at an odd moment now and then."

Incredible as it may be deemed, little as the gallant Captain might ever believe it of himself afterwards, a tear dropped from his eyes on her upturned face. Belle saw it, and felt repaid for her lost life and the agony that had shortened it.

"Don't grieve for me too much, Barnaby; I should not like that. I hope you will be happy always, you and your wife. If she ever hears about me—about me and the past—give my dear love to her, and say I said it."

"I wish I had never met you, child! I was an awful brute to leave you and marry another—and that's the fact. My love was all yours, Belle; but I was in a fearful state of embarrassment, and wanted the money. Why did you care so much for me? Why did you let it prey upon you? I was not worth it."

Never a truer word spoke he, than that. Belle's restless fingers, at peace for the moment, were entwined within his.

"I daresay it was all for the best," she murmured. "I might have died just the same."

Voices were heard on the stairs, and the Captain prepared to take his departure.

"Say you forgive me," he whispered.

"I forgive it all—the death, and the pain, and the weariness. I hope we shall meet in Heaven, all of us, and live together in happiness for ever and forever. God bless and keep you, Barnaby, until that time shall come!"

It may be that Barnaby Dawkes, irreligious man though he was, echoed the wish for the passing moment. Whether he did or not, was known to him alone. He kissed her cheeks, her brow, her lips, as he had been wont to kiss them in earlier days, and laid her wan face back on the pillow, and resigned her hands the last.

"Good-bye, Belle. Good-bye, my best and dearest!"

The voices were those of Mr. Dunn and Dr. Tyndal. Captain Dawkes exchanged courtesies with them as he passed, and went out to his carriage.

When Thomas Kage got there in the evening, according to promise, the hands of the dying girl, in her bed then, were working feebly at the counterpane; the advance shadow of death, no longer to be mistaken, lay on the face. But the shadow seemed to have brought peace with it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A MISAPPREHENSION.—As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills a newly-married man exclaimed: "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered—"What would you think, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

## The Birthday of Christ.

### WHEN WAS IT?

BY THE REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

Both the year and the time of year of our Lord's birth are uncertain.

1. Justin Martyr says that Christ was born a hundred and fifty years before the time in which he was writing his second Apology. Now, *if* he wrote this Apology in A. D. 146 (which is very doubtful), and *if* the round numbers are to be used with exactness, then the date of Christ's birth by this authority would be B. C. 5.

2. Irenæus (Haer. 3, 25) says: "Our Lord was born about the forty-first year of the reign of Augustus." Now, the reign of Augustus may have been reckoned from the death of Julius Cæsar or from the triumvirate, a year later. So that, according to this authority (*if*, again, we disregard the important word "about"), our Lord's birth was in B. C. 4 or B. C. 3.

3. Tertullian (Adv. Jud. 8) gives the reign of Augustus as 56 years, of which 41 were before and 15 after the Nativity. Beginning with the triumvirate, we complete 41 years in B. C. 2, and thus have 15 years left for the reign of Augustus, which satisfies the facts of history. So, according to this authority, our Lord was born in B. C. 2.

4. Clement of Alexandria (Strom. 1) says that curious investigations (they had to be curious investigations even in A. D. 200) gave both year and day of Christ's birth, to-wit, 25th Pachon of the 28th year of Augustus. Of course, here the reign of Augustus is dated from the battle of Actium, or the death of Anthony, a few months later (B. C. 31 or B. C. 30). The Alexandrine epoch of Augustus, which Clement would undoubtedly refer to, dates from 1st Thoth—that is, 29th August, B. C. 30. The 25th Pachon is 20th May. So, according to this "curious investigation," Christ was born May 20th, B. C. 2.

5. The Paschal Cycle of Hippolytus Portuensis and the Computus Paschalis of Cyprian give data which make the year of the Nativity B. C. 2.

6. Sulpicius Severus in his Historia Sacra, written about A. D. 400, says, "In the reign of Herod, in the 33d year of his reign, Christ was born, when Sabinus and Rufus were consuls, on the 8th day before the Calends of January." This is the 25th Dec., B. C. 1, or (if by "Sabino et Rufo Consulibus," we take it as anticipating the consular year of those two which began on the 1st January) 25th Dec., B. C. 5. We might multiply differing authorities, but this is enough to show that there is no certainty regarding the year. The years B. C. 5, 4, 3 and 2 are each claimed.

As to the *time of year*, we have Severus' testimony above, given in the year 400, for Dec 25th, and 30 years later, Theodosius II. fixed Christmas at that date. But we look in vain for an earlier determination of the Christmas season of the year. The 6th January was the date used in the Eastern churches in the fourth century. Epiphanius of Cyprus (A. D. 367) uses that date as an Eastern bishop (Panar, lib. 2). Canon Browne, in his Ordo Sæclorum, by a careful examination of the time of Herod's death and other connected events, conjectures Dec. 8th, as the true date. Other authorities, with equally careful examination, have fixed it on April 5th.

The truth is that the anniversary of our Saviour's birth was never celebrated till two centuries had passed away after the event. It was then too late to recover the date with precision. We see God's hand in this. The "Lord's Day," or the "first day of the week," was the day of convocation, the holy day of the primitive Church (Comp. Rev. i. 10; Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2; John xx. 1, 19, 26). Any addition of holy days would weaken this one. The appointment of Christmas was a departure from primitive simplicity, and was contemporaneous with sacerdotal assumptions, a sign of growing externalism, which culminated in the gorgeous hierarchical Church of the white-washed pagan, Constantine.

The season of the year in which our Lord was born was most probably the spring. The beautiful spring-time of Palestine, we might suppose a priori, would be the time chosen for the appearance of the Hope of the World. When all nature was putting forth a new life, how fitting that the Life from Heaven should start in its earthly growth! Moreover, we have great doubts whether shepherds would "abide in the field by night" near Bethlehem about the 25th of December. The nights in the hill-country of Palestine are very cold in the winter, and shepherds at that season seek shelter. But the scene in the gospel (Luke ii. 8–15) is evidently suggestive of mild skies and genial atmosphere. The use of December by the Church doubtless originated in the desire to conform to the customs of heathenism as far as possible, and thus smooth the road for the heathen to Christianity. In the Roman world the Saturnalia, or festival of Saturn, was the most merry and therefore the most prized feast of the year. During its continuance no public business could be transacted, the law-courts were closed, the schools kept holiday, and everybody gave himself up to absolute relaxation and unrestrained merriment. Presents were given among friends and mock kings were elected in private circles. These festivities continued for seven days. Such a yearly playtime would be hard for a pagan to surrender. Christianity may adopt it and change its name, the character of the festival remaining very much the same, there being more fun than religion in it the world over. The giving of presents and the Twelfth-night King (in England) are clear marks of the old Saturnalia.—*The Christian Union.*

[*Note.*—There is little doubt that the Roman Saturnalia itself was based upon a still older celebration of a similar character, as old as the worship of the sun. The original idea was most probably to celebrate the period when the Sun began to return again to the earth, the days to lengthen, and the coming of a new spring and summer be thus proclaimed to man. The sun to the ancient pagan world was not simply a round ball of fire, but a god. He retired from them, and sank lower and lower in the sky, the days grew short, and they lamented; he again began to rise in the heavens, and approach them more nearly (as they thought) and they with all outward nature rejoiced.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ A SHARP CRITIC.—A poet was once walking with Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceived at a short distance a man yawning, and pointing him out to his friend, said, "Not so loud—he hears you."

## THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE.

BY M. J. S. UPSHUR.

The beautiful City of Somewhere
  Is all ablaze of the sun,
Its thousand thousand pinnacles
  Are of crystal every one,
And they gleam like inverted icicles
  That the daylight shines upon.
Its pavements are pearl, and its gates are gold,
  And Night never visits there;
And its gem-capp'd towers and jewelled domes
  Tint all the surrounding air.
    Ho! for the City of Somewhere,
      Over the magic sea!
Bear on, Life-bark, upon perfumed tides—
  The Rainbow-land for me!

In the beautiful City of Somewhere
  Men never fade nor grow old,
Beauty is beauty forever,
  Hearts never fail or grow cold.
Kind words only are spoken—
  Soothing, and soft, and low
As the wind sighing over Æolian-harps,
  Wherever the light winds blow
    Over the City of Somewhere—
      Over the green magic sea.
Bear on, merry bark, o'er the perfumed tide,
  Win that Rainbow-land for me!

In the beautiful City of Somewhere,
  Song-birds are pluming their wings,
And the turquoise-tinted atmosphere
  To its deepest concave rings,
And on its way to the deep-bass Sea
  The tenor River sings.
No touch of olden Master,
  No solemn and saintly choir,
With hymn from dim cathedral aisle
  Could rapture like this inspire—
    This choral strain from Somewhere
      Wafted over the sea.

Ho! for the City of Somewhere—
  Jewelled and flowery land!
Drift on, drift on, O fairy fleet
  In sight of the rainbow strand!
Admiral Hope commander,
  And his first officer Youth,
Over so fair and sunny a sea
  None ever sailed to his ruth.
    O golden boat and silver sea,
      And sails of satiny sheen,
    O milk-white sails and ivory oars,
      Ye will bear me well, I ween!
    Our odorous masts are of sandal wood,
      And up at the peak they hold
    A pennant bearing the City's sign,—
      An anchor broidered in gold.

In the silent City of Somewhere
  Marble-white tenements gleam,
And sombre sentinel cypresses
  Hinder the warm day-beam.
'Tis a city of flower-crowned altars—
  Love likes to have it so,
But as well offer gifts to Vishnu
  As to those who are lying below.
In the silent City of Somewhere,
  Though joyless and sunless it seems,
Though far from its earthy chambers
  Flies even the Spirit of Dreams,
There is many a gallant voyager
  Who sailed for the beautiful shore,
The ever-receding shore,
  Who with weary heart and with colors struck
Laid aside the toilsome oar,
  Glad to drift in this silent harbor,
To stem the tide no more.

O chill, dim City of Somewhere!
  O city of shadow and gloom!
The wrecker Sexton has brought his spoils,
  And asked for his storage room,—
    So we bide—
      Side by side—
    Moored in the City of Somewhere.

—*The Christian Union.*

THE CITY OF SHANG-HAE, CHINA, AND CHINESE JUNKS.

Shang-hae, though only a city of the third rank, is one of the chief emporiums of commerce on the eastern coast of China. Its trade is equal, if not superior, to that of Canton; and the junks in its harbor are computed to amount, at any one period, to more than 1,000. The river on which it is situated, the Woosung, is stated to be as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, and in going up the stream towards the town a forest of masts meets the eye, which shows at once that it is a place of vast native trade. The town is situated about 12 miles from the mouth of the river, and is believed to have a population of 200,000. The banks of the river, from its entrance to the town, and for many miles beyond, are very flat. On every side may be seen fields of rice, beans, corn, cotton, &c., every foot of land being industriously cultivated. The wall of Shang-hae itself is about three miles in circumference, and the town is entered by six gates. The houses are generally of an inferior kind, built of wood, and overhanging the narrow streets.

## SUE AND I.

BY W. A. THOMPSON.

Sue married one of twin brothers, and her heart was set firmly upon my marrying the other. She wanted a sister-in-law with whom she could live in unity—a rare and pleasant thing in that kind of relationship. She did not seem to take into account at all my tastes and prejudices; but she was a good sister in the main, and I was secretly not unwilling to meet the man whom she had selected for my husband.

We had been teachers in the same school before she fell in love with Fred Dallas and married him out of hand. He was a tall, reserved, silent man, who got vastly more credit for wisdom than I thought due to him; and so bashful withal that I have always suspected that Sue proposed to *him*; but if she did, the torture of the Holy Inquisition would not draw it from him; so she is safe.

I never subscribed to that absurd proverb about "speech being silvern and silence golden." I cannot conceive the reason of the respect paid to silent people, the mere nodders at knowledge. I believe that they who tell nothing know nothing. Fred is one of these, and I have no faith in him; but Sue has—which is all the better for him.

Sue and I are great talkers, say our enemies; and I contend that we know as much as the quiet ones who get the benefit of it. If Fred's brother resembled him, he would at least be a good listener.

I kept on at my boarding-house when Sue left me for a home of her own, though she urged me with all her might, to live with her. I had no desire to play the part of second lady on her little stage. Young married people prolong their honeymoon unmercifully when there is somebody to look at them.

I am older than Sue by a long year or two, and I think well of myself from a sense of duty, for there are so few left in the world to care for me.

Sue got an absurd idea into her head, so soon as she was married, that all single women older than herself were "old maids." She was convinced that there could be no happiness for a woman out of marriage, and she yearned over my unengaged condition with an anxiety which would have been ludicrous but for its honesty. I felt certain at that time that no woman need be unhappy while she is healthy and self-supporting.

When my summer vacation came, Sue went to an old haunt of ours among the New Hampshire hills, and persuaded me to go with her, as Fred must remain at home. 'Boro is a very pearl of a place for summer visitors: it leans over a lovely lake and suns itself among whispering valleys. We lived at the hotel, which is true independence: the more people, the more solitary one may be. In a private house in the country nothing is sacred from the right of search, from the number of your laces to the respectability of your grandfather.

At this time Sue was like the girl in the old play, always

"Sitting in her window,
  Printing her thoughts in lawn;"

while I prowled about alone, looked at myself in the lake, and ate huckleberries off the bushes to my heart's content. Sometimes I invoked Sancho Panza's blessing on the man that invented sleep, and drowsed away the golden afternoons, wantonly luxurious, rioting in the blissful consciousness that, whatever fetters might be waiting for me on the first of September, school was now, for me, as if it had never been. Living at this hotel made a hole in my scanty earnings—but I hope every boarder got her money's worth as fully as I did. I would have looked the very multiplication table in the face, and cut it dead: if my life had depended on it, I would not have remembered the boundaries of the Great Desert or the Reformation. I shed my school-skin completely, and drew in, with every breath,

"The blessing in the air."

I had a favorite seat, overhanging the edge of the lake: it was no cold stone or mossy hillock (there is no picturesqueness to me in taking cold,) but a sensible old wooden bench on a little platform behind the blank wall of the bowling-alley. Under my feet lay the water, ten feet deep and clear as a Japan crystal. Here I read the lightest of light literature, and let vagabond hopes and fancies have it all their own way with me. Sometimes I fished with a pin-hook, but I never caught anything.

One night I came in late, and met Sue and Fred, and Fred's double, coming from the tea-table. The gentlemen had come in the little steamer, which twice a week vexed the placid soul of the lake, while I was away, and Sue was happy.

"Frank, this is Milly," said Sue, radiant.

"I am very glad to see this Milly," he said, looking at me hard in the twilight with undisguised curiosity.

"How do you do, Mr. Dallas?"

He was just Fred over again till he spoke: then there came a gleam in his eyes, a roguish wrinkle about the lips, of which Fred's face was wholly innocent.

"Never mind your tea, Milly: come with us to the lake," entreated Sue.

"But I do mind my tea—and I know the lake by heart. Perhaps I'll come by-and-by."

I ate my bread in fastidious little crumbs; I looked up between my sips of tea as the hens do; I played with my knife and fork as if my lease of comfort were to expire when I left the dining-room; but the impatient head waiter fixed me at last with his glittering eye, and I retreated before it. I spent a long time turning over the contents of my trunk for a shawl that lay on the bed, and pulled my boots off and on several times to find an imaginary pebble that hurt my foot. At last, when the stars had been long admiring themselves in the lake, I went in search of my party. I was determined that this man should not find me too eager to know him. I ran down the long path to the lake shore, but it was wholly silent and deserted. Then I came back and wandered about the piazzas. The parlors were brightly lighted, the barber was fiddling away with all his might, while a dozen couples whirled about the room: among them I recognised Frank, dancing with the plainest girl in the room.

The walls were lined, for the most part, with careworn women—poorly-paid schoolmistresses like myself; hard-working maiden aunts, not paid at all; oppressed mothers of large families, who find (according to Dr. Todd) ample reward in their work. All these had come to 'Boro to draw a few easy breaths before putting their shoulder to the wheel for the winter.

I watched Frank lead his partner to a seat and ask an introduction to another wallflower, whom, after a little conversation, he led out to dance.

Two figures sat in the dark near me. I heard one say to the other, "It is just like her, to keep away from us because Frank has come. She will never look at him if I let her see that I want them to take to each other—but I'll be very circumspect." "Oh, there you are!" I thought. My sister Sue was always a very ostrich for hiding her head and thinking no one could see the rest of her.

I went into the parlor and fitted myself into the line of wallflowers. Frank had seen me but an instant in the dusk, and I do not look in the least like Sue. She is pretty all over her face, from the faintest approach to a double chin to the "widow's peak" in her hair: my face is full of negatives—not a pretty feature in it—but people do not call me plain, because I never look twice alike. Sue frizzes her hair: I wear mine plain, in the face of the fashion, because hairpins give me bad dreams, and I eschew heated slate-pencils, living in hope of the Madonna fashion by-and-by, when I shall have my lustings in smooth, uninjured hair.

I have not magnetism enough about me to move Planchette, but I can always draw wandering eyes to mine in a crowd. I looked hard at Frank, and had barely time to be very intent on the barber before he saw me. He betrayed not a grain of surprise, but came slowly round to my neighborhood, and said quietly,

"You had no need to look for staid married people and a wise old bachelor on the lake shore when the dew was falling. Only young lovers can afford that risk."

So he had watched me!

"You like dancing, Mr. Dallas?" I said.

"Why do you think so?" he returned, quickly.

"You have danced every set for some time."

"I have not danced since you came in;" and a mischievous smile dawned on his mouth.

I had betrayed my having watched him, and we were quits.

"I have been wandering up and down the piazzas, seeking whom I might devour, and I saw the 'revelry by night' through the windows. But, as I said before, you like dancing?"

"Not particularly."

"Why do it so persistently, then?"

"Because there are so few gentlemen here, and all ladies like it."

"Don't be too sweeping in your judgment. *I* don't like it."

"Pardon me if I doubt you: your feet must needs tap the floor now that the barber does but give the preliminary scrape."

"Your choice of partners is peculiar; they are the plainest girls in the room."

"I am an admirer of plain girls; they dance well, and seldom, as a rule, and in gratitude they make themselves very agreeable to their partners. The 'girl of the period'—see that one with a head like a hearth-brush!—is insufferable to me."

"I have no patience with that nonsense about the 'girl of the period.' That sort of creature has existed, and will exist while girls are created, as surely as froth on water, but she will never be a type of girls in general. The hue and cry raised about it just now is only the opposition war-whoop against woman's rights."

He faced round upon me suddenly:

"Are you committed to the 'woman's rights' side of the question? Would you vote if you could? Tell me quickly, that I may pack my valise to-night."

"I have half a mind to tell you a fib, that you may take that trouble. No: I would not vote if I could, but I do contend that one of woman's rights is to be let alone to think her own thoughts and wear what clothes she pleases, without being stretched on a gridiron worse than Saint Lawrence's by all the critics of the day."

"You are speaking too loud—Mrs. Grundy is looking at you." This was true, but not the more agreeable that he should perceive it first. "Will you dance this set with me?" he asked, carelessly.

"I think not; there are one or two more of your favorite plain girls waiting your benevolence."

"Are you so certain, then, that you do not belong to that order?" That mischievous smile came again, and he left me to find another partner.

I took John Brown's arm when he offered it, and we took our places opposite to Frank. John Brown was a middle-aged widower, and he had a sort of crook in his shoulders, which was a great misfortune, but he was a most devoted son to a deaf and cross old mother, and a man of large and varied culture. We had become very good friends. After the dance we went out on the dusky piazza and repeated a little poetry on the moon and other familiar objects (it was not the first time), till Sue sniffed something wrong in the air, and drove off the unoffending Mr. Brown in the most summary manner. She insisted, in very matronly fashion, on my going in, but I always resented this sort of patronage on her part, and recalling the ever-willing Mr. Brown, we sauntered down to the lake. I don't know whether I was most vexed or amused when we found Frank and his last partner there before us, and talking about the stars. I could not resist saying in a very audible tone, as we passed them, that I had ceased to look for wise old bachelors where the dew was falling.

When we took our bed-room candles off the table in the hall, Frank said,

"You made a poor exchange. I dance better than Mr. Brown."

"But you don't talk so well," I retorted.

The first thing in the morning I opened my door carefully and reached out for the great bunch of pond-lilies for which the experience of every morning for a week had led me to look. I worshipped them all the time I was dressing, and before I went to breakfast I fastened one at my throat, and, tying together the two that had longest stems, I made a cord and tassels to confine my white wrapper about the waist. The first morning that these lilies had glorified my room I had no idea of the giver, but the pleased and conscious look that Mr. Brown gave to the first I wore about me betrayed the secret. Once I found a beautiful wild-flower laid in a book which I had left open on the piazza, and twice he brought me little pyramids of twigs purple with huckleberries. This was prosaic, but none the less agreeable. There is but one author with whom I can join hands in my admiration of this homely berry. Hear Thoreau on this subject and be converted: "It is a vulgar error to suppose that you have tasted huckleberries who never plucked them. A huckleberry never reaches Boston; they have not been known there since they grew on her three hills. The ambrosial and essential part of the fruit is lost with the bloom which is rubbed off in the market cart, and they become mere provender. As long as Eternal Justice reigns, not one innocent huckleberry can be transported thither from the country's hills."

Mr. Brown and I shared a double almond one day at dinner; he let me win the "philopœna," and for a present he gave me a pair of rubber boots in which to take long walks with him about the lake shore.

Mr. Brown's attentions reminded me, the least in the world, of the manner of Mr. Barkis's wooing, when he brought Peggotty those little presents, varying from a pair of jet earrings to a leg of pickled pork. Sue thought I wasted my substance in buying my lilies of small boys that hung about the house with bunches to sell, and I never undeceived her.

Mr. Brown's mother was a shrewd old lady, and missed nothing that was going on, in spite of her deafness. She looked askance at me sometimes—at least I fancied so. She told me that her son had married, very young, a most lovely woman, who indeed lived but a few months, but he had loved her so well that he would never think of marrying again. It was only the night before that Mr. Brown had told me in the moonlight that I resembled very much one who had been very dear to him; and that is the way widowers always begin a second wooing. (I know, for I have had experience.) They tell you how much you remind them of that dear first wife, and you learn perhaps, on inquiry, that the lady was dark as the Moor and had a squint, while you rejoice in golden locks and cloudless blue eyes. I have noticed that men seem to bury part of their wits with their wives, but they somehow come back again (the wits, not the wives) on second marriage; and they make the best husbands in the world. I knew a man living with his fourth wife, and *he* is perfect.

Frank saw my lilies as soon as I entered the breakfast-room, and seemed more intensely amused than those innocent flowers warranted.

"Did you ever know any one so extravagant!" said Sue. "She pays two cents apiece for those lilies, and has her room full of them."

"Does she, indeed? I did not know so many honest pennies could be turned by only getting up early and going after lilies in this out-of-the-way place. I knew no better than to actually *give away* the glorious bunch that I got this morning in Mr. Brown's company. He was more fortunate than I in getting those with the delicate pink tinge, which adds the last touch to their beauty. I see all of yours have it," he said, carelessly turning up one of my lily-tassels to the light. "I will cut out that boy whom you trade with, and sell you mine for a cent apiece."

Mr. Brown sat opposite to us at table and heard this long speech. I saw a telltale flush mount in his elderly face, and was vexed to feel my own color answer it.

"I am not very poetical," said Frank, "but I have read or dreamed that Eve blushed when she first looked into a lily, and all the descendants of that one have the lovely pink tint that Mr. Brown prefers. I suppose the lotus flower, that made a man forget his country and his mother, must have been some sort of a lily—don't you, Mr. Brown?"

"I have never speculated about the matter at all, Mr. Dallas," he returned dryly.

"Indeed! Now everything connected with lilies has always been interesting to me. I like the names that have grown out of them—Lillian and Lillias and sweet Lily Dale; and that is a very fine line of Shakspeare's in the 'Sonnets':

"'Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.'"

Mr. Brown hastily finished his breakfast and left the room; Fred was mystified, Sue not at all easy in her mind, and I was heartily vexed with Frank, who now made a hearty breakfast in silence.

I had it in my heart to be very amiable to Mr. Brown; so I sought him out on the piazza, where he was reading his favorite Horace, and sat down with my tatting within speaking distance. He did not read long, but spent most of the day talking with me, unworthy! Fred and Frank went fishing on the lake, and came home late, too tired and too cross to be endured. Manly amusements always have that effect. A woman will go through everything in pursuit of pleasure and remain amiable, but a man's good nature is not proof against a holiday.

Next morning my door was bare of lilies, and I had been so sure of a fresh supply that I had carried all of the day before to an invalid in the house. I went down late to breakfast, but Sue and Frank were still dallying with their coffee. Frank gave me a careless look, and then a sharp one, as if he detected my morning vexation.

"How do you kill time here, Miss Milly?"

"I don't have to kill it: it dies a natural death."

"Well, then, show me how to perform the last offices. I never had a holiday before, and a fortnight with literally nothing to do looks formidable."

"*I* have been here three weeks, and the burden grows lighter every day. I grow more and more expert in practicing how not to do it. I have a fellow feeling with the man whom Winestadt travelled with in the Soyemite Valley, and pronounced 'constitutionally tired.'"

Sue began to look anxious. "Why will you talk such nonsense, Milly?" she said. "Don't believe her, Frank. No one works harder than she."

"Remember the proverb, Sue: 'Who excuses, accuses.' I work hard and fast, so as to be indolent sooner. Your lovers of work spin it out, and are sorry when it is done. When I finish a piece of work, whether teaching or sewing, I look upon it as one more enemy laid low."

"I know what *you* do here, Miss Milly: you talk, and I will be your listener-in-chief; that is, if the place be still open;" and he glanced at Mr. Brown's empty chair. "I must go and smoke now. I will come back by and by and sit at your feet."

"How do you like Frank?" asked Sue, puckering her forehead into a network of wrinkles in her desire to appear unconcerned.

"He is only another specimen of a very disagreeable variety."

"What is that?"

"The bashaw with three tails."

"Now, Milly, talk sense. I like him so much! What have you against him?"

"Well, if you will have it, he is too masterful, too indifferent, and always setting traps to make one ashamed."

"I am sure he admires you."

"Why?"

"Because he said a girl like you ought to be ashamed of flirting with Mr. Brown, who is in earnest about everything."

"He need not be so certain that it is only flirtation. I think Mr. Brown is one of the salt of the earth."

"Milly, if you marry Mr. Brown, it will break my heart," said Sue, solemnly. I had

broken Sue's heart so many times, according to her own account, that I had become hardened in the process.

Soon after breakfast I took a book and went to my beloved retreat behind the bowling-alley. Have I said that this bench was out of sight till you turned a square corner and were right upon it? So it was, and this morning I found Frank Dallas in full possession, as if he had haunted it all his life. He lay on the bench, leaning head on elbow and smoking a short meerschaum pipe. I have no objection to a good cigar: I am morally certain that I should smoke, if I were a man, in spite of Mr. Parton's staggering facts; and I can endure a long, graceful pipe, with more or less carving about it: it has an Oriental air. But a short plain pipe!—it savors too much of Pat's little dudheen. I felt sure my "coming man" would not smoke a short pipe.

"I have been looking for you here," he said, laying down the obnoxious thing to smoulder out by itself. Was I blameworthy, or my dressmaker, that the hem of my dress swept it into ten feet of water?

"I have never carved my name on the bench or on the wall, as so many others have. Why did you expect me?"

"One of your friends paddled his boat into this neighborhood, and could not conceal his disgust when he recognized me. I hope I did not interrupt an appointed meeting." I turned to leave him. "Don't go because you find me here: I promise to depart the moment I see that boat coming again."

"Did Mr. Brown have any lilies?"

"Have you but one friend, that you at once think of Mr. Brown when the word is mentioned? No, there were no lilies: perhaps he has gone for them now. I see you heeded Sue's lecture on extravagance, and bought none this morning." I could not help answering his amused smile with another, and he went on: "What a transparent little woman is our sister Sue! She urged me to come up here and see the scenery, it was so lovely about 'Boro, and now that I have seen it I confess to a certain dissatisfaction. It shows a pleasanter side to some men than to me. It is changeable and moody. It leads people astray who would put faith in its pleasant looks."

I knew he was talking of Sue's sister, and he seemed very much in earnest.

"'Boro is a pretty place to my eyes: I am sorry you don't like it," I said, with the most innocent face I had about me.

"What are you talking about so soberly?" said Sue, coming round the corner suddenly.

"The unexpected lights and shades in the character of 'Boro scenery," said Frank.

"Well, Fred has got a carriage at last, and there is room for both of you on the back seat."

For two or three hours we rode up hill and down dale over the lonely country-side. We skated carefully over the surface of things in all our talk, for Sue was counting her beads of hope over us all the time, and constantly interposing to smooth rough edges.

Once Frank said, "Would anything tempt you to live all the year round in one of these lonely farm houses?"

"Yes, certainly—a pleasant home."

"But what perfection a man and woman must have reached to be all-sufficient to each other here!"

"I never thought the *place* where one lived mattered much to contentment. I think I would rather go on whaling voyages into Arctic seas with the man that suited me, than to live in the garden of Eden with the wrong Adam."

Frank smiled inscrutably, and relapsed into reverie.

The fortnight which was to end our stay in 'Boro wore away only too fast, but my solitary rambles, in which I had always accidentally met Mr. Brown, became a thing of the past. My rubber boots held a sinecure place behind my trunk. There were plenty of people at 'Boro, especially women, and I found that the safest refuge in the world is in a crowd. I suddenly turned sisterly, and bestowed my affectionate company on Sue all the morning; I played croquet every afternoon with half a dozen young ladies who wore lovely dresses, with nobody to admire them, promenaded endlessly arm-in-arm, and behaved altogether as if they were practicing for the time when the whole population of New England shall be surplus women. Frank Dallas and Mr. Brown did duty manfully as escort, but the odds were overwhelming. I knew that both were weighing me in the balances, and I suspected that Frank found me grievously wanting.

All this time Sue was devoured with anxiety. Two little wrinkles made their appearance between her eyebrows, solely, I believe, on our account. Frank and I were so polite and distant to each other that she began to prefer that we should quarrel. She hedged me about carefully, and cast an evil eye on any woman who happened to engross Frank's attention for an hour. Sue was not a born matchmaker: she put too much heart into the matter. Her perturbation over our contrary behavior was only to be compared to that of the "hen that hatched ducks."

The last day of our stay came at last, as everything does if you wait long enough. She arranged that we should have one more drive together, but when I went down, ready dressed, to take the back seat, as usual, with Frank, the double carriage had been metamorphosed into two buggies. Fred said, in his matter-of-fact way, that the other carriage was in use for the day, and I should have believed him but for Sue's mad haste to start before I could say anything to her.

Frank looked wholly unconscious or careless of Sue's arts to bring us together, and the blush I rode away with looked as if I were new to the American fashion of letting young people go about together at their own sweet will; but Frank was not as other men. I had always played the role of coolness and indifference myself: it put me out to find one who played it better. I was never before at a loss for words, or knew what it was to stammer in my talk; but with him I said things, stopped to see how he would take them, and then contradicted myself. I vowed to myself over and over that I did not even like him, but I had a growing respect and dependence on the substratum of common sense and fidelity to truth in his character, which is as a rock to a woman's feet. I flouted his censure on my flirtation with Mr. Brown, but I heeded it.

"Milly, we are going to Round Hill," shouted Sue as she looked back at us under the curtain of the buggy. I suspect that she used that peephole often during our ride.

"What does Milly stand for?—Amelia or Mildred?" asked Frank.

"Neither. I have heard that I was christened Melicent, but it matters little, as I am never called by it."

"Melicent! Melicent!—not a common name, but very pretty. You shall always hear it from me. It comes from a word meaning honey, I believe. You should have a sweet disposition, to match your name."

"Not at all. Names are deceitful above all things. Did you ever know a Blanche that was not swarthy as Othello, or a Grace that did not limp in body or mind, or a Frank that did not keep everything to himself, and set traps for other people's thoughts?"

"Is that the grudge you cherish against me?"

"I do not acknowledge any grudge: I mean, I have none."

"I prefer your first phrase as the most true, if not the most polite."

"My phrases will always bear pruning," I said, determined to keep my head above water by having the last word.

"Yes, they are often as rash as if all your world were either warm friends or confirmed enemies. You must be often brought to bar for them."

"On the contrary, you are the first who ever took me to task for careless talk. Did Sue give you sealed instructions to search out my faults and censure them?"

"One does not need to search for them: I believe they all lie on the surface."

"You have not answered my question."

"No. Sue thinks you have no faults. To me she always waxes eloquent on your virtues."

"Sue is unbearable since she is married: she is so distressed lest I should die an old maid. I believe she will yet palm me off upon some deluded man as the most amiable of women."

"I don't think you would make a very happy old maid."

"We will agree to differ on that point. I think I was originally cut out for that fate. I can teach school and have the joy of independence till my ideas become too old-fashioned, and then Sue will take me in and gradually kill me with kindness."

"If she is your only refuge, she may die before you do."

"I have thought of that, too, since Sue has kept the matter 'before the meeting' so long. I pass, every day on my way to school, a certain 'Home for Old Ladies,' and see them sitting at their windows, white-capped and cheerful, with knitting in their hands. I could wear the robe of that charity as readily as did Colonel Newcome that of Gray Friars. I have already laid up in the bank money enough to buy me a silver ear-trumpet and gold-bowed spectacles, which would fill all the other old ladies with envy and despair. At first the 'Home' was only for widows, but some wise woman, who had gone through the world alone and saw that marriage was going out of fashion, left the wherewithal to build a wing for spinsters. I shall fight for a window that looks out on the water."

I had been talking against time, it was true, but it provoked me, when I glanced at Frank, to see him sunk in a brown study, apparently unconscious of my existence.

"Mr. Dallas, you have paid no attention to me."

"Have I not? Then Sue will have a great disappointment. I have done little but pay attention to you since I came to 'Boro. I confess that I don't always listen to your talk."

I shut my lips tight, determined to waste no more words on this man, who gave me more vexation of spirit than I had ever before experienced from all mankind.

We saw Fred stop at a farm-house on the top of the hill, and a woman brought out some cider. As they drove on, we came up and stopped too. My temperance principles are not proof against cider; but such cider; it was sharper than a two-edged sword. The inflexible face of Talleyrand would have yielded to it. Frank handed back the full cup, and the woman looked at it with some contempt.

"'Xpect your wife is one of the dainty kind, ain't she?" she said, half aside, to Frank.

"She is rather hard to please," he replied, in the same tone.

"'Xpect you be on your weddin'-tower?"

Frank nodded and drove on.

We rode quietly for many minutes. Suddenly we heard a halloo, and saw a long, lank boy running after us with my tissue veil in his hand.

"Guess your wife's veil blew away. Here 'tis."

"Thank you. My wife is very much obliged."

Another long pause, and Frank spoke again:

"Melicent, anything in the mouth of two witnesses must be true. It is another instance of that wicked French proverb, 'Que femme veut, Dieu veut' (it don't sound so wicked in French.) The instinct of these people for the fitness of things convinced them that you were my wife. It seems to me useless to try to resist our fate."

Was he trifling with me? I glanced at him and met that provoking smile.

"Sue is determined to make a match for us," he went on. "It would be a great pity to disappoint the dear little woman: don't you think so?"

He laid his hand lightly on mine. I clasped both my hands tight and fastened my eyes to a distant steeple.

"I think, Mr. Dallas," I said, in a voice hard with all the feeling that I suppressed, "that we shall be very late for dinner if you do not drive faster."

Frank started as if he had been shot, and I looked at that steeple to keep my eyes dry till he lifted me out of the buggy. I would not think of it till I was safe in my own room, and then I lifted up an inward voice and cried bitterly.

"Miserable, hateful man!" I thought, "I am not crying because I love you. I don't love you—I will never love you. I am not a slave, to pick up gratefully the handkerchief that the lazy sultan drops for me. I will meet no man half-way—least of all this Frank Dallas, who has done nothing but vex me since I knew him."

After this burst I felt better, and diligently removed all traces of excitement. I dressed quickly and went down to dinner, that Frank might not think I was indulging in a fit of repentance. Afterward, I challenged Mr. Brown and two young ladies to a farewell game of whist, and so whiled away the long afternoon, resolutely thinking of nothing but trumps. Then I joined Sue and Frank on the piazza, for I was determined not to avoid him.

"Milly, dear, you have your old school-teaching look to-night. I have not seen it before since we came here. Does your head ache?"

"Not that I know of, Sue. I believe I have Mrs. Gradgrind's feeling in her last moments—that there is a pain in the room somewhere, but I am not sure whether I have it."

"I am quite sure who has it," said Frank. I looked up suddenly, but he was leaning over the piazza-railing, with his face out of sight.

It seemed to me that this last day would never wear itself out. In the evening I thought all at once of my old seat behind the bowling-alley, which I had wholly deserted since Frank took possession of it.

I ran quickly down to it, and bathed my troubled spirit in the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" and in the pleasant company of trees that sighed and beat their boughs for sympathy. The place would have been too lonely but for a party who were making "night hideous" in the bowling-alley. I heard no other sound, till some one suddenly came round the corner, and I recognized Mr. Brown. He had seemed to seek me for several days, and I had tacitly avoided him. Now it flushed upon me, with a pang of compunction for my treatment of him, that he meant to offer me the place of that "lovely woman" long deceased.

Misfortunes are prone to come in battalions now, as they did in Queen Elizabeth's time. It seemed to be my fate to reap in one day all that I had sown since coming to 'Boro.

"Let me stay here a moment, Miss Deane," he said, hurriedly. "I have not seen you alone for a fortnight. I saw you come this way and followed you."

"Mr. Brown, I beg that you will leave me now. If you are about to say anything—of such a nature that—" I stopped there, thinking if I were mistaken, after all, in his intention, how ridiculous I should make myself to answer a question before it was asked. I could never keep it a secret; a bird of the air would whisper it.

"I am about to say to you," Mr. Brown went on, "that I have found so great happiness in your society that I long to make it mine through life. I am much older than you are; I feel myself wholly unworthy to receive into mine a life so fresh and gifted as yours, but if you will yield it into my care, I shall at least show that I appreciate the sacrifice."

Every word of this speech, which Mr. Brown delivered with unmistakable agitation, was music in my ears. It was balm to the wound made by Frank's careless indifference of the morning.

For the first time in my life I could not say a word.

"I do not ask you to decide now. Sleep upon it one night, and let me know in the morning. If you will wear one of the roses that grow by the piazza when you come down in the morning, I shall take it as a sign that you give yourself to me."

He left me then, without waiting for any answer.

I lay awake a long time that night, and debated the pros and cons of Mr. Brown's proposal. When I fell asleep, exhausted, the pros would have possession of the field, but when I woke again the cons were strong as ever. It grew rapidly worse as breakfast-time approached. I knew Mr. Brown to be one of the best of men, and I was mercenary enough to give full weight to his having plenty of money in his own right, and the reversion of plenty more from his mother. It is only those who have never known the goads and stings of poverty who can afford to be wholly disinterested in a trial like mine. He thought me altogether lovely, which was all the more agreeable for not being true. I did not actually love him, but that would come in good time if I married him. I told myself, sternly, that I cared for nobody else, and nobody else cared for me. At this point I fastened the flower in my brooch and hurried out of the room. A long mirror hung at the head of the stairs; I saw myself in it, and turned back to my room. Then I fought another battle with myself, in which the memory of Mr. Brown's delicate homage again won the day. I went resolutely down stairs and took my seat at table. I dared not look at Mr. Brown, but I knew perfectly when he left the room soon after.

"I have at least made one person happy," I thought, and caught myself wishing immediately after that this breakfast might last forever. Going into the hall again, I met Frank; he held out to me my brooch, with that unlucky flower still hanging to it.

"It was found at the foot of the stairs and carried to the desk in the office. I thought I recognized it as yours, and claimed it for you."

I had made a sacrifice, and my destiny had refused to accept it. Who was I, that I should be at odds with Fate and seek out Mr. Brown after such a manifest leading?

I was so unreasonably happy for a moment, and thanked Frank so warmly, that he must have thought my jewelry very dear to me.

I spent an hour or two in packing, and after locking my trunk and leaving my hat and gloves on the table, I went to help Sue, whose possessions always got the upper hand of her in such crises. At the last moment I rushed back for my hat; on the table beside it stood a graceful "Shaker" basket filled with pond-lilies. A card lay among them, with these four words in Mr. Brown's handwriting: *Manibus date lilia plenis.* See what it is to be a schoolmistress! I recognized at a glance that exquisite lament over the young Marcellus in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. I had used it too often to strike a spark of enthusiasm out of the stolid minds of school-girls, to forget it. It was Mr. Brown's farewell, and I never saw him afterward. I found myself crying all at once without any reason.

I carried the basket carefully on board the little steamboat which was to take us across the lake, but I could not hide it long from Sue.

"Oh, Milly, how lovely! Where did it come from?"

"Mr. Brown gave it to me," I said, boldly.

"Milly, you are not—"

"No," interrupted Frank. "Milly is not to be questioned or scolded. Let me take the basket; I will not drown it, as you did my pipe, the only solace of my bachelorhood."

I gave it to him, and he carried it for me to my journey's end. He was strangely quiet and subdued, and almost tenderly mindful of my comfort. A flickering doubt arose in my mind as to my first belief in his careless feeling toward me. If he did really love me, how had I thrown away my one opportunity to be happy like Sue!

I took up my school-duties again, not very happy, not very unhappy—rather between; but as days and weeks made months, the old routine, once so easily borne, oppressed me almost beyond endurance. I went often to see Sue, but she was feeble in health and spirits at this time, and there was no comfort to be had from her. She never mentioned Frank's name in these days, and I would not ask about him. I gave long looks at the "Old Ladies' Home" as I passed it, and longed to anticipate that age when no more arduous labor should be required of me than the knitting of stockings.

My thoughts turned sere and yellow with the leaves. As the holidays approached, and the streets began to fill with eager faces of old and young as they went about grasping their purses and looking for presents for each other, I took no pleasure in them. There seemed nothing so pretty in the shop-windows that I should desire it. Never were holidays like these!

On Christmas Eve I went to see Sue. Fred was to be out late, and she begged me to stay with her till he should come home. When he came, Frank came with him. Sue had said nothing of expecting the latter, and his unexpected arrival gave me such unalloyed delight that he could not help perceiving it. Fred had a headache, and Frank insisted on going home with me in his stead. I felt light-hearted as a child going to a Christmas tree.

"You are looking rather worn, Melicent," he said. "I suppose you will not teach much longer."

"Indeed, I expect to teach all my life, unless it is unmercifully long."

Any one passing a certain corner of the Common (I shall not say *which* corner) just then, might have seen Frank stop suddenly and take me by both hands.

"Can it be possible," he said, "that you are not going to marry Mr. Brown, after all?"

"I am not going to marry any one, to my knowledge," I answered, drawing my cavalier from his conspicuous position to walk on again.

"Melicent, I asked you once if you had any objection to Sue's little plan for making a match for us? You have never answered that question."

"I never will while you put it in that form."

"My darling, if Sue had been afflicted with such prickly pride as yours, we should never have met. Let us go back and ask her blessing."

We went back through the snow-covered streets, and looking into one low window, we saw three little stockings hanging limp and empty from the chimney-piece.

Fred's house was already dark, but we made Sue put on her dressing-gown and come down to us. Oh, how happy she was! How she danced for joy, and hugged me, and hugged Frank, and hugged us both together, and ran up and down stairs to tell Fred all our news, till he was forced, like the amiable Mr. Toots, to remind her of "the medical man." She submitted at last to our going away.

When we passed the low window again the three little stockings were bulgy all the way to the toes, pressed down and running over with their treasures.

We paused a moment on my door-step for "more last words," and Frank said,

"It is worth while to be miserable ourselves, since we make Sue so happy." For the first time in our acquaintance I did not resent that mischievous smile.

Long years have come and gone since then, but Frank and I still smile at each other significantly when the children bring home pond-lilies.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

### The Wages of Labor.

Before the discovery of America, money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by Act of the English Parliament in 1351, at one penny per day; and in 1314, the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison in England) was three half-pence per day. At this time, twenty-four eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for four pence, a fat goose for two and a half pence, a hen for a penny, wheat three pence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eight pence. So that, in those days, a day's work would buy a hen or two dozen of eggs; two days' work would buy a pair of shoes, and a fat ox cost eighty days' work. On the whole, human labor brought in the average about half as much food and perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does.

On the whole, we guess "the good old times" were not worth recalling. [The above facts are given in Adam Clarke's Commentary on Matt. xx. 2.]

E'en now, within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed,
Till throstles sing, and larks soar up,
And summer be revealed.
E'en now, in their enchanted sleep
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossoms wait
The summons of their God.

☞ A TRUANT HUSBAND.—A New Orleans woman came to the police asking aid to find her truant husband. "Have you any knowledge why he left you—did you have a quarrel?" asked the cautious chief. "No—not exactly a quarrel," was the hesitating reply, "but I went off and left him." "And when you came back he was gone?" "Yes—he was gone, too!"

☞ There is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hanna" loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder cloud, and retorted, "Shut your mouth!" He shut it.

☞ The wife of Mr. William Downs, of New York, presented him with three daughters as a New Year's present. William is now the father of eighteen children.

☞ They had a ball in New York Monday night, at which the World says were present "several of the most noted pickpockets, Aldermen, officials, and gamblers in the city."

☞ The wife of a New York millionaire has gone to Europe to get the portraits of her three homely daughters painted by the "old masters," of whom she has heard so much.

☞ A correspondent of a Calcutta paper makes a curious suggestion to tobacco smokers. Alluding to the alleged discovery, by a Parisian chemist, that watercress is a perfect antidote for nicotine, he says:—"It lately entered into my head to try how some of it dried would smoke. To my great satisfaction I found that, when put into my pipe, after a couple of days' drying in the sun, it had all the flavor of the best Cavendish without the treacle, and it was even stronger than Cavendish."

### The Rights of Travellers.

In a recent case in which a gentleman had his valise stolen from a state-room during his absence from it, the Steamboat Company insisted that they had placed everywhere about the boat notices to passengers that they must leave their baggage in the baggage-room, and had even placed persons on the stairs leading to the state-rooms to notify the passengers of this rule. The Court, however, declared as its decided opinion that while a steamboat or railroad company might make reasonable rules about baggage, it must bring those rules to the knowledge of passengers; and that, in any case, a rule requiring *all* baggage to be placed in the baggage room was unreasonable, when it prevented passengers from retaining with them articles for daily use. Common carriers aim now-a-days to escape the very obligations which the law imposes on them. A man who sends a package by express, or goes himself as passenger in a train of cars or on a boat, is confronted, when it is too late to make other arrangements, by a long list of printed "agreements," so-called, whereby it is declared that the expresser or the passenger voluntarily gives up pretty much all the security which the law affords him for the safe passage of himself or his baggage. Of course the companies cannot enforce such one-sided "compacts," and they never will stand for more than the law, independent of the "contract," will allow. Reasonable regulations will be recognized by the law, without any pretence of "implied contract;" and nothing that is unreasonable can be supported by the pretence that such a compact is made by the act of purchasing a ticket. The decision seems to have given satisfaction everywhere, except to steamboat and railroad companies.


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### An Ice-House.

Much has been written and published during the past year upon the subject of building ice-houses. And I hope it may continue to be written upon until every farm throughout the length and breadth of our land shall have an ice-house upon it. Last fall I built one which did not cost me over fifteen dollars, all told, and it kept ice finely the season through. The following is the plan:

First a cellar 8x10, 7 feet deep; then a curb of old boards against the sides to prevent caving of earth while building—next an inside wall of two-inch plank, 7x9, leaving a space all round of one foot between this and the outer wall. This should be well packed with sawdust or spent tanbark, or turning chips. Let both walls extend two feet above the ground, then lay on a good plank for each plate, and roof it as you would any other out-building. Now put in sleepers that will bring the floor a foot above the bottom, pound the spaces between them full of sawdust, bark or chips, and cover with a loose plank floor. Such a house will keep ice enough to allow twenty-five or thirty pounds to be used every day the season through.

In regard to location, I would say build in the most convenient place, regardless of tree or shade of any kind. In filling the house with ice cut the pieces about two feet square, and place them in layers, pounding the cracks full of broken ice. Continue thus until full, and then cover with dust or bark about a foot in thickness or depth and your ice will be secure.

The door, which is in one of the gables, is best always open when ice is in the house.

The advantage of building below instead of above ground is the packing is so much easier—it is not so difficult to *throw ice down* as it is to *lift it up.*—*Rural New-Yorker.*

### Making Old Wine.

The last and most remarkable "doctoring" of wines is one recently discovered by a member of the French Academy of Sciences. It appears that he was first awakened to the eminent services which may be rendered to wine by the voltaic pile by having his own cellar broken open by a flash of lightning, which converted his inferior wines into valuable liquor. Electricity applied to a cask of bad Moselle entirely changed its character, and experiments with other wines, at least so Dr. Scouttetten assured the Academy, had a similar result. The doctor explains, for the benefit of persons anxious to try the operation, that the wires of the voltaic pile should be tipped with platinum, to which must be attached electrodes of the same metal. Dip both into the liquid and you will precipitate it, and produce premature age.

☞ It is claimed that rats may be prevented from gnawing a harness by mixing with the oil applied, a little cayenne pepper, say a teaspoonful to the quart. The rats get bite for bite, and clear out before doing any damage, feeling uncommonly *smart.*

☞ The Shanghai News Letter says that Sir Rutherford Alcock, in bidding adieu to Prince Kung, of China, was addressed by that functionary in these words: "Now you are going home I wish you would take away with you your opium and missionaries."

☞ In Waterloo, Iowa, you can buy turkeys at ten cents a pound, chickens at eight cents, and prairie chickens at $2.50 a dozen—but it is a long way to go to market.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry—sales of 5000 bbls at $5@5.75 for Penna extra family; $5.25@6 for Northwest extra family; $5.50@6 for Indiana and Ohio extra family and $6.50@7.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at $5@5.12½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull. About 30,000 bus Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1.25@1.30 ₩ bus, including small lots of choice at $1.32. Rye; about 2000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1. Corn; 50,000 bus new yellow sold at 88@89c; 8000 bus white at 80@86c; 5000 bus old Western mixed at $1, and 6000 bus old yellow at $1@1.01 ₩ bus. Oats; about 40,000 bus sold at 55@57c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Sales of new mess Pork at $20@20. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 17½@18c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 26@32c; very choice do at 35@37c. No change in Mess Beef, Bacon, Green Meats, &c.

SEEDS—Sales of 2500 bus Clover seed at $8@8.25 for prime quality. Timothy commands $4.50. Flaxseed sells at $2.20@2.30 ₩ bushel.

COTTON—There is more doing. 1200 bales of Middlings sold at 25½@25¾c for Uplands, and 26½@26½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 75@82c ₩ ℔.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; Mixed do $1,25@1,30; Straw $1,25@1,25.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9@9¼ cts ₩ ℔. 100 Cows brought from $45 to 85 ₩ head. Sheep—8000 head were disposed of at from 6@6c ₩ ℔. 4900 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.


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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Gough's Collector.

On one occasion I had made an appointment in a small town in Massachusetts, and, accompanied by a friend, I rode seven miles, and arrived at the church as the people were assembling. Not knowing any one, I approached a plain-looking man, and asked if there was to be a lecture there.

"Yaas."

"Who is the lecturer?"

"Gough."

"Can you tell me where I can find the president of the society?"

"I spect I am the president."

"Ah! my name is Gough."

"Waal, it's most time to go in."

So in we went, and I sat in a pew till he came to me and said,

"You'd better go in the desk."

"Is there any one here to offer prayer?" I asked.

"No; the minister's away."

"Is there no deacon?"

"I spect I'm a deacon."

"Can't you pray?"

"No; I don't speak in meeting."

As I passed into the desk, he stood below and announced, "Mr. Gough is in the desk, and is going to lectur."

So I "lectur'd" as well as I was able, and had no sooner taken my seat, than I heard from below, "We'll now percede to take up a collection for the benefit of the lecturer."

As no one seemed inclined to move, he passed round with his hat, while the people were going out, and dumping the contents on the table in front of the pulpit, and shaking the lining of his hat, said,

"There! that's all for you, and we shan't take nothing out for lights."

The amount did not exceed a dollar and a half, principally in cents; some of them the tokens that were then in vogue, and passing as current coin, stamped on one side with a jackass running away with the sub-treasury.

I said, "I don't want it."

"Why, there's a lot of it."

"I don't want it."

"Yer don't?"

"No."

"Waal, then I'll take it."

And sweeping the coin into his hat, and holding it before him, dipped his head into it, exclaiming, "Waal, I guess I can carry it."

I said, "You've got more cents in your hat than usual."

"Waal, yes; I don't generally carry cents in my hat."

"But some of it is jackass cents."

"Waal, yes; I see there was some bungtowns in the heap."

And without another word he marched off, leaving me to laugh, which I did most heartily.

### Artemus Ward and the Cardiff Giant.

It is now suggested that the Cardiff Giant is one of Artemus Ward's lost wax figures. One of the papers quotes the following account of the great showman's visit to Utica as corroborative evidence:—

In the fall of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a truly great sitty in the state of New York.

The people gave me a cordyl recepshun. The press was loud in my praises.

1 day as I was giving a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks, in my usual flowry stile, what was my scorn and disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscariet by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the sun are you about?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pusylanermous cuss here fur?" and he hit the wax figger a tremenjus blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger, a representation of the false 'Postle.'"

Sez he, "That's very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunity by a darn site." With which observashun he caved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the fust families of Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdick of arson in the 3rd degree.

### This Side Up.

We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended to send by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much abused "This side up," etc., conspicuously upon the cover.

A few days after we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they go there safely?"

"Every one broke," replied Jake, suddenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!"

"Did you put 'this side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; and fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom, too—confound 'em."

### Money Market and City Intelligence.

In Miscellaneous Securities, Atlantic Cables, we may say, have touched the bottom, and therefore cannot go lower. The end of these is all paid up.

With regard to articles of merchandise, we find that iron is firm, but India rubber is a little yielding.

Chloroform is still a drug in the market, and millstones are difficult to move.

Lead is rather heavy, but tin is eagerly sought for.

A prospectus has been issued of a new Aquarium Company, but the tendency is to throw cold water upon it.

The Tobacco Loan still remains popular, borrowers of cigars being easily found.

### A Comical Minister.

James Oliphant, a minister of Dumbarton, had a curious habit of making running comments, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scriptures. Hence, as he never cured himself of the practice, those seats nearest the pulpit were most highly prized. Here are two samples of his "pulpit notes:"—Reading of the swine running into the sea, he muttered, "O! that the Devil had been choked too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed Thee," he ejaculated, "Aye boastin', Peter; aye braggin'; what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat, and may be two or three rotten nets?"

### ON THE FACE OF IT.

PRETTY TEACHER.—"Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?"

JOHNNY.—"Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry the new parson, 'twill be a miracle!"

### A Factory Anecdote.

When Mr. H—— was agent of the factories in Dover, N. H., a strict rule was adopted regarding late comers; the great gates were closed as the return bell ceased to ring, and the delinquents compelled to go through the counting-room passage, when a quarter of a day's time was deducted for their tardiness.

Some of the late ones lived so far away that it was almost impossible to get back in time, and therefore they suffered.

The superintendent was a pious man, and was wont to exhort in the meetings, nightly held, where the factory people attended.

On one occasion he was exhorting very earnestly, and calling upon his hearers to improve their time.

"Come," said he, "at once, while there is an opportunity for salvation; come before the great and awful gates are closed against you. My friends, what will you do when those gates are closed?"

"Go through the counting-room passage!" cried one from the rear. It was too much. All gravity was lost, and the appeal was a failure.

### Civilizing the Barbarians.

Eighty or ninety years ago, when Captain Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands they had a native population of 400,000 souls, but the whites brought in trade, commerce, diseases and civilization, and the consequence is that the natives have dropped off a good deal. Forty years ago there were but 200,000 left. Educational facilities increased, and at the last census there were only 55,000 of them, and it is proposed now to start a few more seminaries of learning and finish them. Fifty years hence the native race will be extinct. But after all 'tisn't education or civilization that is killing them, but the imported diseases. They were very short of diseases—they hadn't enough to go round—but they are all right now. We have supplied all their necessities. They nearly all have the consumption, and are about retiring from business.—*Mark Twain.*

### Helping Children to Lie.

That lying is bound up in the hearts of children, it would not become me to deny. But certainly it is often untied. Indeed, children, there are few who will not tell lies; the testimony of their parents to the contrary notwithstanding. Children's lies are almost always defensive, and for the most part are employed in defending themselves against parents, elder brothers and sisters, and schoolmasters. Being weak and helpless, concealment is, in their case, as in the animal kingdom, the only means of defence. Children's lies are, in multitudes of instances, mere attempts to hide themselves from sharp censure or sharper whipping.

Take a case from life. Master Henry is sent to the mill one day in winter, but with strict injunctions not to stop and skate. But the pond is so inviting, the boys are so merry, they so persuasively coax him, that it is not in his social little heart to refuse. Of course, he skates longer than he intended. On reaching home, he is questioned:

"Why have you been so long, Harry?"

"Oh, the grist was not ground, and I had to wait."

"Did you go on the pond?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

Here is a pretty tangle of lies! The old gentleman runs his hand into the bag, and finds the meal stone-cold. He rides over to the mill to inquire about matters, and finds that the grist was ground the day before; he rides home and calls up the urchin, who knows that a grist is to be ground that will be hot enough. Here is disobedience, first; then a lie; and next, upon cross-questioning, a second lie, explanatory of the first. Of course, punishment was earned and deserved. But the boy did not lie because he liked to, or because he was indifferent to the truth. He was suborned by fear. He shrank from punishment, and tried to hide behind a lie. The refuge proved treacherous, as it ought to have done.

But now is there no lesson to parents in this thing? Shall they hastily place their children between such unequal motives as conscience and fear? The lower instincts in children are relatively far stronger than moral sentiment. Conscience is weak and unpracticed; while fear is powerful, and, at times, literally irresistible. The fear of pain, the fear of shame, the fear of ridicule, drive children into falsehood. Those who govern them might at least remember how it was in their own cases, and so manage as to help conscience against fear, rather than by threats and sternness, make the temptation irresistible.—*Beecher.*

☞ An Indian chief in Arizona is putting on airs because his wife cost four ponies—the usual price being one.

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rude official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall,
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

—*Our Young Folks.*

### The Universal Metamorphosis.

If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession, will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Improvement in Farmers' Homes.

There has been a very great change for the better in the homes of all classes of our people within the last thirty years. We think quite a large share of this improvement is found in the strictly rural districts, and is fairly the result of the opportunities and privileges of agricultural life. The average rural parish is the equal of the city parish in intelligence, in good morals, and piety. Social life has not so much show and brilliancy, but quite as much solid happiness. The children coming up in the country have a much better chance of sound health, of a good education, and of a useful career in life. The division of labor, brought about by the introduction of manufactures, has blest the farmer almost as much as any other class. He no longer provides his own clothing or makes his own furniture. He can buy cheaper. The thrifty farmer in the older states has an architect to build his house, and there is taste displayed in the building and in its surroundings. He knows a good deal about fruits and flowers, and what he does not know his wife or daughter does. The flower border is quite up to the town standard. The upholstery may not be quite so attractive, but the floors are carpeted, and the windows have blinds and curtains quite enough for cheerfulness and health. The table is neatly spread, and the chinaware and other appointments come from the same manufactories that furnish city homes. The cookery, especially that part of it furnished by the mistress of the mansion, is above the average in cities. Pianos and melodeons are very common, and the same songs are heard there as in the town, and they are sung about as well. Professional singers do not go to the country for their audiences, but the country comes to them and furnishes a fair share of their appreciative listeners and admirers. There is leisure in the country, time for reading and reflection, plenty of newspapers and magazines, and the village library has its numerous patrons in farmers' homes. Farm life in this age of railroads and steamers is quite different from the life led by our fathers. It moves in the right direction.—*American Agriculturist.*

### Comparative Value of Hay, Corn and Roots.

An acre of ground retained expresaly for hay yields on an average not more than one and one-half tons of vegetable food; an equal space planted with carrots or ruta bagas will yield from ten to twenty tons, say fifteen tons, which is by no means a high average, and has often been attained without any extraordinary cultivation. It has been ascertained by careful experiment, that three working horses, fifteen and one-half hands high, consume hay at the rate of two hundred pounds per week, or five tons and one thousand and forty-eight pounds per annum, beside one and one-half bushels of oats per week, or seventy-eight per annum. By a repetition of the same experiment it was found that an unworked horse consumed hay at the rate of four and one-quarter tons per annum.

The produce, therefore, of nearly six acres of land is necessary to support a working horse for one year; but half an acre of carrots at six hundred bushels per acre, with the addition of chopped straw, while the season for feeding them lasts, will do as well, if not better. These things do not admit of doubt, for they have been the subject of exact trials, as some of your agricultural friends can testify.

It has also been proved that the value of one bushel of corn, together with the fodder upon which it grew, will keep a horse in good working order for a week. An acre planted with corn, and yielding sixty bushels, will be ample to keep a good sized horse in working order for one year.

Let the farmer, then, consider whether it is better to maintain a horse on the produce of half an acre of ruta bagas or carrots, or upon the produce of an acre of corn; or, on the other hand, upon the hay and grain from six acres of land—for it will require six acres of good land to produce the necessary hay and grain as above. The same reasoning might be made use of in the feeding of cattle and sheep.—*Stock Journal.*

### Medicine for Trees.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry quotes from a scientific journal which recommends boring holes in the trunks of trees and inserting calomel to destroy insects, and comments thus:

This idea of endeavoring to force into the circulation of a tree mineral poisons to destroy injurious insects upon the leaves and branches, seems to us very vulgar and absurd. We hope no one of our agricultural friends will engage in experiments of this nature, for by so doing we fear they will greatly endanger their fruit trees. The sap in vegetable structures corresponds in many of its functions and characteristics with the blood of animal organisms, and it is well understood among physiologists and surgeons that that fluid is exceedingly sensitive to the presence of foreign agents. No more sudden or effective way can be devised to destroy life than to inject into the circulation any extraneous agent, solid or fluid. Blood will abstract from food or medicine what it requires healthfully to perform its proper work and can obtain it from no other source; and so with the sap. It will draw from the soil the constituent particles it needs, and any attempt to force in abnormal substances, in an abnormal way, can but result in irreparable injury to the structure.

## RECEIPTS.

ROAST PIG.—Soak in milk some light bread, boil some sage and onions in plenty of water, strain it off, and chop it all very fine, press the milk from the bread, and then mix the sage and onion with pepper and salt; in the bread put the yolk of an egg to bind it a little, then put this in the inside of the pig; rub the pig over with milk and butter, pepper it, roast it a beautiful brown, cut off the head before it is drawn from the spit, and likewise cut it down the back, then you will not break the skin; take out the spit, cut off the ears from the head, crack the bone and take out the brains, put them in a stewpan with all the inside stuffing and a little brown sauce; dish the pig, the backs outside, and put the sauce in the middle, and some in a boat, the ears at each end.

RUTH PINCH'S BEEFSTEAK PUDDING, A LA DICKENS.—Make into a very smooth paste a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, and a little salt, moistened with three whole eggs, and cold water. Line with this a tin mould, medium sized, and put in it a pound and a half of tender steak cut up into small pieces, entirely free from skin, gristle, etc., and seasoned with half a teaspoonful of pepper and salt well mixed together. Pour in a very small cup of water, cover carefully with a crust, tie a floured cloth over, and boil gently three hours. Don't allow it to stop.

It can be made richer by adding a few large oysters to the steak; but it is not then "Ruth Pinch's Pudding."

MINCE-MEAT.—One pound of raisins, chopped fine, one pound of currants, half a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pound of russet or ribston pippins, chopped, half a pound of mixed peel, a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, the juice of one or two lemons, according to taste.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 18, 37, 1, 7, 29, 32, 2, is an island.
My 6, 34, 16, 4, 39, is a city in France.
My 46, 11, 8, 3, is a pronoun.
My 18, 12, 13, 27, 15, 21, is what children are often sent to.
My 26, 43, 10, 19, 45, 28, 5, 25, is a girl's name.
My 12, 23, 9, 31, 23, 47, 39, is an island.
My 44, 42, 17, 50, 48, is what a storm often scatters.
My 36, 37, 30, 49, 11, is a city in South America.
My 40, 41, 20, 48, 14, is an appellation of God.
My 33, 14, 35, 24, 13, is an inspissated sap in drops.
My 38, is a pronoun.
My whole was a distinguished foreigner who fought for the Americans in the Revolutionary war. PHILIP.

### Problem.

*Given* that the illumination from a source of light *varies inversely* as the square of the distance.

How much farther from a candle must a book, which is *now* three inches off, be moved, so as to receive just half as much light? WILL.

*Miami Station, Mo.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

A father having five children, all girls, remarked on their ages and that of his own: "The age of Adelina, (my eldest daughter,) is four-thirds that of Belinda's, my second daughter's age; the age of Belinda is five-fourths that of Clarissa's, my third daughter's age; the age of Clarissa is six-fifths that of Dorah's, my fourth daughter's age; the age of Dorah is 5 years and 10 months more than Eve's, my fifth and youngest daughter's age. And my own age is the sum of all my 5 daughters' ages; because I am exactly 20 times the age of my youngest daughter Eve. How old was the father and each of the girls?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

*Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Probability Problem.

Four pennies are piled up at random on a horizontal plane. What is the probability that the pile will stand?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*McKean, Erie Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan? Ans.—Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

☞ Why is a pretty girl like the hub of a cart? Ans.—Because she always has a fellow around her.

☞ What difference is there between a schoolboy and a postage stamp? Ans.—One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

☞ What is the difference between a watch-maker and a jailer? Ans.—The one sells watches, and the other watches cells.

☞ Why is a man who never lays a wager quite as bad as one who does? Ans.—Because he's no better.

### Answers to Last.

SHAKSPERIAN ENIGMA—

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Robert Treat Paine, Boston, Massachusetts.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 30th—360 bracelets.—A. Martin. 5040.—William Smith, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 6th—24,4721 and 61,8071 perches.—E. P. Norton, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date—960 miles, 24-25 ratio.—D. Diefenbach, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 13th—91 feet.—E. P. Norton, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, O. R. Sheldon.

TO STEW CARROTS.—Half boil, then nicely scrape and slice them into a stewpan. Put to them half a teacupful of any weak broth, some pepper and salt, half a cupful of cream, and a saltspoonful of powdered sugar; simmer them till they are very tender, but not broken. Before serving, rub a very little flour with a bit of butter, and warm up with them. If approved, chopped parsley may be added ten minutes before serving.

CABBAGES.—A full-grown or summer cabbage should be well and thoroughly washed; before cooking, cut them into four pieces, boil rapidly, with the saucepan uncovered, half an hour; a young cabbage will take only twenty minutes, but it must be boiled very rapidly; a handful of salt should be thrown in the water before the cabbage is put in.

POTATOES A LA CREME.—Boil them, not so much that they will break easily; cut them into slices of about half an inch, season them with salt and white pepper; place them in a stewpan, with a third part of a pint of bechemel, toss them gently until done enough.

A CHEAP AND QUICK PUDDING.—Beat up four eggs, add a pint of milk and a little salt, and stir in four large spoonfuls of flour, a little nutmeg and sugar to your taste. Beat it well, and pour it into buttered teacups, filling them rather more than half full. They will bake in a stove or Dutch oven in fifteen minutes; and if you have company to dinner, and wish to add a little dish, this is a good and cheap one.

GINGER BISCUITS AND CAKES.—Work into small crumbs three ounces of butter, two pounds of flour; add three ounces of powdered sugar and two of ginger, in fine powder; knead into a stiff paste, with new milk, roll thin, cut out with a cutter; bake in a slow oven until crisp through; keep of a pale color.

☞ A New York philanthropist, visiting the state prison, remarked to a prisoner—"Most of your friends think your sentence was excessive; nothing like it was ever know." "Yes, I suppose so," was the prisoner's reply; "but then, you know, everything has gone up since the war."